

# The QUEST

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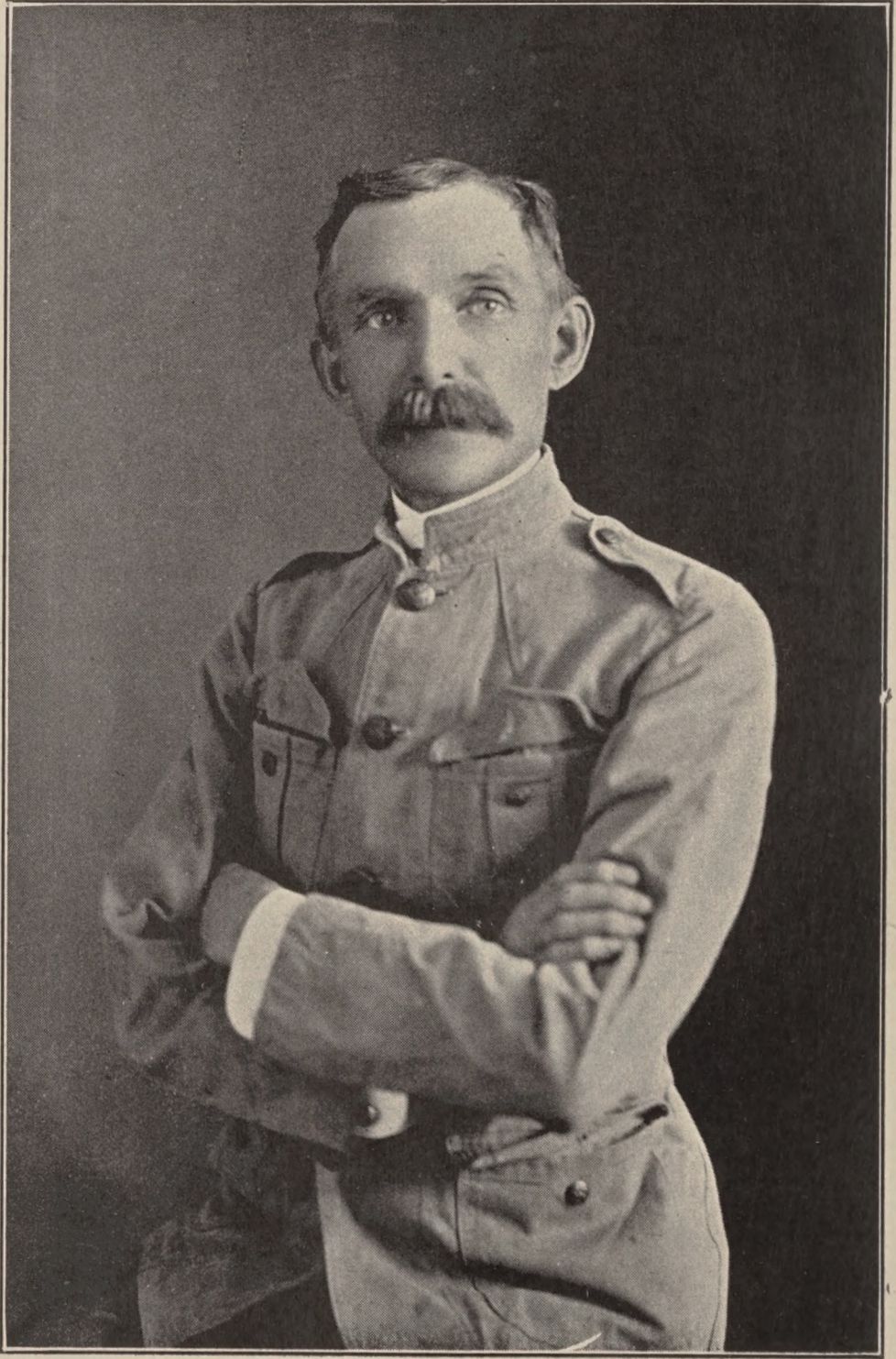












THE AUTHOR AS HE APPEARED WHILE TRAVELLING IN SOUTH AMERICA



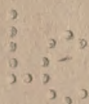
# "The Quest"

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BY

DR. THOMAS A. STODDARD

Formerly of Halifax, Nova Scotia  
Presently of Pueblo, Colorado

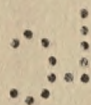


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*This book is dedicated to my little daughter Helen, and the best wish I can have for her is that she may develop into just such a woman as her mother.*

*T. A. S.*







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## PREFACE.

The following pages are based on incontrovertible facts, and are geographically and ethnologically correct. While traveling through that part of South America which is drained by the Amazon and the Orinoco, one is impressed with the fact that the most of the maps of that region are incorrect and based on conjecture. The fauna and flora have never been studied, and to the naturalist there is here a wealth of material for study and investigation.







# THE QUEST

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## CHAPTER I.

### DOCTOR WILLIAMS AND FAMILY.

"Is the doctor in?" came in trembling tones from the lips of a small fair man, dressed in the garb of a fisherman, one stormy evening in the month of September, 18—. The question was addressed to a young woman, with coal black hair and eyes. Her lips were thin and, when slightly parted, showed an even set of well-preserved teeth. The mouth had about it a look of determination, which boded good or ill as the case might be. The forehead was high, broad and well rounded, the nose strongly formed, and not out of proportion to the face.

She was standing in the doorway of a snug frame cottage, which stood on a slight eminence, about two hundred feet back from the road, which skirted the shore of a small land-locked cove, on the coast of Maine.

The place had an appearance of prosperity and neatness. The closely-cut lawn was dotted with shrubbery and late autumn flowers. The hawthorn hedge was neatly trimmed, and everything went to show that they who lived there were, in taste and refinement, above those who lived in the many other houses, which could be seen on both sides of the cove.

The answer to the opening question was somewhat



startling in its sharpness and asperity. "No, the doctor is not in, and when he does come in, he won't go out again to-night."

"But, my little girl is so sick, and Doctor Williams told me that if she were no better, to come this evening and let him know, and he would come down," said the poor man, and the agony in his voice was sufficient evidence of his earnestness and concern, for the little one who lay so sick, the only one left of five, the others having been taken one by one during the past thirty days, by that dread disease of childhood, diphtheria.

This reply did not seem to soften the heart of the woman, for she said: "The doctor has exposed his family to the danger too much already, and I can tell you now he is not going."

The man, whose name was Stafford, started for home with a heavy heart, uttering a prayer that the life of their only remaining child, little golden-haired Bess, might be spared.

A short time after this the doctor drove up the gravel walk, and giving his horse to a servant who came forward, ran into the house, and in a voice filled with weariness, asked his wife if there were any calls.

His wife, the young woman who had spoken to Stafford, said: "No, there are no calls, and if there were, you would not get them. It is a pity you can't stay home with your family evenings." The "family" meaning herself, her mother and sister.

"Well, Mary," said the doctor, "you know that the sick must be cared for, and this is my life work, chosen after careful deliberation, and chosen because I believed that I could do more good in it than in any other way. This life is not what we make it for ourselves, but what we make it for others, and if all would think and act so, what a blessed place this old earth would be. If others



do not do as they ought, it will not excuse us if we neglect what we know is our duty."

"You are always talking of duty," replied his wife; "as if exposing your family to contagious disease was a duty."

Doctor Williams said no more, but passed into a small room, which he called his surgery, and where he kept drugs, books and instruments; and carefully closing the door, wearily seated himself in a large leather-covered armchair, and gave way to a burst of anguish. "O Almighty God, why are we Thy creatures, created in Thy image, so afflicted in mind and body? From infancy to dotage, from the cradle to the grave, we are constantly harrassed with pain or discomfort. If this were all, and everything ended with death, none but fools would allow themselves to live past the first years of discretion; the whole earth would be one suicide's club, and the dead awaiting burial would outnumber the living. But there is something after this life which will more than repay us for all our sufferings here. It is not 'the fear of something after death,' but the hope of what is beyond the grave which should stimulate our reason and make us, 'bear those ills we have.' How wisely are we dealt with by the All-Wise Ruler. I have seen many die, and yet I have never seen one die who was afraid of the 'grim monster.' Physiologists and pathologists tell us that this is because of the formation in the body of certain toxines or poisons, which partake of the nature of alkaloidal poisons. What a wonderful provision of nature, to be thus rendered insensible in a measure to the great but narrow chasm which separates a life of pain and distress, of poverty and disappointment, a life where everything is seen imperfectly, where defects are always in the foreground, and where the shadow is greater than the substance, from a life where perfection



is stamped on everything, with the indellible purity of the love of a universal creator, where we will not need a high-power microscope to see the beauties of those we love, nor an oil-immersion lens to discover the good qualities of those whom we have considered enemies."

At this moment the door opened and a face appeared, which said: "Supper's ready." This face was that of a woman of thirty years of age, and one into which a person could not gaze with any degree of pleasure. The eyes, which were small, black and beadlike, were deeply set so close together that you could easily fancy that they had in the past been one, but by some surgeon's skill the one had been converted into two, thus destroying a living proof of the truth of the writings of mythologists. The nose was prominent, narrow and extremely sharp. The septum, or partition between the nostrils, had the appearance of having grown downward after the process of growth had ceased on either side. The mouth was small and so devoid of what is called "cupid's bow" that surely here was another evidence of the surgeon's art. The chin was prominent and seemed to have a strong desire to resist the downward development of the nasal septum. The complexion indicated a neglected stomach and a disordered liver. The teeth were yellow, uneven and decayed. The voice was harsh, penetrating, and grated unpleasantly on any ear it reached. Such was the sister of Mrs. Williams, Miss Julia Beerbour. She was two years the doctor's senior, and, unlike most of her sex, was proud of her age, which she gave as a reason for knowing more than any one who was unfortunate enough to have been born at a subsequent date to that on which she had made her *debut* on the stage of mundane existence.

After having made her announcement with the air of one who has accomplished a difficult and disagreeable



task, she led the way into the dining-room, followed by the doctor. Mrs. Williams and her mother were already seated, and after the doctor and his sister-in-law—or Miss Julia, as we shall call her—had taken their places, the doctor said: "Mary, I have just received from Boston a small bottle of liquid which is said to be almost, if not quite, a specific for this terrible diphtheria, and after supper I am going down to Stafford's to administer some to his little girl. Their hearts are broken, and I can see no hope for the little one."

"If you are determined to go," said Mrs. Williams, "I'll tell you now that Stafford was here just before you came home, and wanted you to come. I told him that you had already exposed your own family too much."

"Oh, Mary, I wish you had not said that," said the doctor. "Poor Stafford and his wife are completely crushed with grief and anxiety."

"What is this new medicine?" asked Miss Julia, in an imperious tone.

"It is a serum taken from a horse that has been rendered immune," said the doctor.

"Well," said Miss Julia sharply, "some more of your dosing with medicine. If people only had sense enough to leave doctors alone and think less of themselves, there would be less of this talk about sickness which exists only in the mind."

"But, Julia," said the doctor, "diphtheria is in the throat, and not the mind; and, furthermore, little Bess Stafford is too young to have contracted the disease through fear, as you would have us believe."

"Yes, but the parent's fear is sufficient," said Miss Julia.

"Now, Miss Julia," said the doctor, "you state an absurdity, and, of course, argument ceases. It is in the same line with your doctrine that there is nothing ma-



terial. You further say, 'mind is everything,' 'mind is God'; therefore everything is God. Consequently we are God. This is pantheism, or worse; it is blasphemy. This is the crime which cursed the earth, or rather, but for this crime on the part of an angel high in favor, this earth would never have been cursed. This angel who made himself equal with God was debased for his presumption, and hence the existence of 'his Satanic Majesty.' I conclude, then, that 'auld Nickie ben,' as Burns familiarly calls the king of darkness, was the first of this cult to which you profess allegiance, and he, like you, preached this soul-destroying doctrine on every occasion. When he went to our first parents in the Garden of Eden and said, 'Thou shalt not surely die,' when the Almighty Father had already said, 'Thou shalt,' he was stating what these 'disciples of error' are now trying to instill into the minds of the sick and suffering all over this broad land of ours. There will come a time when there shall be no more sickness or death, but only after this natural body shall have put on immortality, when that which was sown in corruption shall be raised in glory; and the more we are prepared for this great change here, the more capable will we be of enjoying it, when it shall open to our view on the everlasting morn."

The doctor, having finished his evening meal, went into the surgery, got his medicine case in which he carried a surgical set, and prepared to go out.

Going up to his wife, he said: "Mary, I am going to try and save little Bess Stafford's life."

"Would it not be better," replied his wife, "for the child to die than to grow up and live a life of toil and poverty as her mother has done?"

"Oh, Mary," said the doctor, "do not talk so. I wish you would help me in my work. I have so many dis-



couragements, because of the comparatively narrow limits of medical knowledge, because of the ignorance, frequently of those attending in the capacity of nurses, and then this terrible evil which has lately come among us, under the guise of science and Christianity, and with which Julia seems to be infatuated. This is doing more harm than disease. It prevents many times my being called until too late. Only yesterday Sam Robinson, who cut his leg so badly while chopping wood, could easily have been saved, but the Scientists (?) took charge of him, and allowed the poor boy to bleed to death. Many lives which are now sacrificed could be saved if I had a hospital at hand. And then I must confess that the ingratitude of those for whom I have done much is a burden to me which is well nigh unbearable. If you could only interest yourself in my work it would be a great encouragement to me, besides a source of happiness to you."

"You know how I feel about this matter," said his wife, "so you are only wasting your time in talking. Go on down to Stafford's, and if we get diphtheria, you will have yourself to blame."



## CHAPTER II.

### A NIGHT'S WORK AND A MORNING MURDER.

THE doctor passed out into the darkness, and on arriving at Stafford's found the little one still alive, but very low. He at once prepared and administered a dose of the remedy, repeating it in two hours. Before time for a third dose there was a marked change in the child's condition. Her respirations, which had been rapid and strident, were now slower and almost noiseless. The pulse had fallen from 160 to 120, the temperature from 104 to 101, and the doctor felt that he would like to give vent to his feelings as did Doctor McClure.

He remained with the anxious parents until two o'clock in the morning, when a man named Russell came for him.

Russell lived far up on the east side of the cove, a distance of about two miles from Stafford's. When the doctor arrived at Russell's he found that his services were greatly needed. A new life had come into the home, and the young mother lay in the agony of a terrible convulsion.

Here was need for calmness and quickness. After two hours of work and anxiety, which none can appreciate but him whose soul has been tried, Mrs. Russell was pronounced out of immediate danger.

Before starting for home the doctor learned that Enos Holmes, a miserly old bachelor, who lived alone in a hut about half a mile back in the woods from Doctor Williams, held a mortgage on Russell's home, and intended turning Russell and his wife out in the morning.



When the doctor, on his way home, reached the road which led to Holmes', he decided to see this "money shark" and intercede for Russell, owing to the serious condition of Russell's wife.

During this lonely walk, the doctor's thoughts wandered back to the time when he had gone to teach school in a small settlement among the Cumberland mountains in Kentucky, and how, in his lack of knowledge of the customs and manners of these ignorant but would-be aristocratic denizens of the mountains, he had been led into marriage with the daughter of those with whom he boarded, because he had persuaded her to attend with him a meeting in the schoolhouse when an itinerant Methodist preacher had happened to "invade the glen." He had sent her to private school, where she had outdone all her classmates in their studies, but she held aloof from the others and made no friends.

When the doctor had finished his medical course he brought his wife and began practice in this secluded spot, where all were strangers to both of them. They had few tastes in common. Her mother and sister, who were densely ignorant, she insisted on having with her, and the doctor, anxious to do everything that would contribute to her happiness, submitted with apparent pleasure. He was thankful that no little ones had come into their home, especially as his wife boasted that "all the brats in the neighborhood" were afraid of her.

He could not now persuade her to attend church, or any social gathering, and if visitors came to the house she would refuse to put in an appearance.

It was while thinking of this past life that the doctor arrived at Holmes' door, a little before daylight. He stood there considering as to whether to arouse the old miser, or await his voluntary arising, for he was said to be up and out by daybreak.



While thus standing undecided, he became suddenly unconscious and fell to the earth with a groan.

That morning, on arising, Mrs. Williams found that the doctor had not returned; but supposing that he was still at Stafford's or Russell's, paid little attention to his absence.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon a man presented himself at the door of the doctor's residence, and asked if the doctor were in. He was told that the doctor had gone "last evening" to Stafford's and had not yet returned. The man appeared incredulous, and asked Mrs. Williams if she were sure that the doctor had not returned.

"Don't you suppose," replied Mrs. Williams, "that I would know if the doctor had returned? I did not want him to go, because of exposing us to diphtheria, but he would go, and now I suppose he is waiting until the child dies."

When she had finished speaking Mrs. Williams noticed an officer's badge on the coat of the stranger, and she asked sharply: "What do you want of the doctor?"

The officer, for such he was, hesitated a moment and then said: "Mrs. Williams, Enos Holmes was murdered this morning, and this knife"—taking from his pocket a surgeon's small amputating knife—"was found piercing the heart of the murdered man. Besides this, a blank prescription book, with Doctor Williams' name printed on each leaf, was found just outside the door of Holmes' house. It is known that only a few days ago the doctor had quite a scene with old Enos, about his dealing so harshly with some poor person in the village, and if the doctor has not returned it looks badly for you."

Mrs. Williams had stood motionless while the officer was speaking, and without changing countenance she



said: "I suppose, then, that the doctor will not come back for a time, until the matter quiets down; but I don't think that old Enos Holmes had any relatives, or even friends, around these parts, so the doctor need not be afraid of any trouble because he killed the old miser."

"But my duty," replied the officer, "is to arrest the doctor and lodge him in jail, at least on suspicion, and I must say that the circumstantial evidence against him is very strong."

The officer then went down to Stafford's, and after learning from them of the doctor's having started for Russell's about two o'clock, he told them the story of the murder. He then went to Russell's, but could only learn that the doctor had been there and left presumably for home, a little before daylight.

Here was a mystery. Doctor Williams had lived here for five years and was beloved by nearly everyone in the cove. His services were never withheld when needed, and when the news of the murder, with the suspicions against Doctor Williams, became known, there were few in the settlement who believed that he was the criminal, except Mrs. Williams and her sister, and to them it did not seem so very horrible. A diligent search was made that day for the doctor, but no trace of him could be found. He had disappeared from human view as mysteriously and as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. The body of Enos Holmes was buried in his own garden, with none to shed a tear, but many to hurl imprecations at the memory of him, whom they all detested, and whom they blamed for depriving them, even in his death, of one whom they all loved and believed to be innocent, notwithstanding the fact that the coroner's jury had presented a verdict at the inquest which named Doctor Williams as the murderer.



After talking to the officer at the door, Mrs. Williams went in and called her mother and Julia and told them what she had just heard.

"Well," said Julia, "it does not surprise me. These doctors see so much of other people's troubles that they get hardened, and I believe that they kill lots of people with their medicines as well as their fears. We will always have such things happening until this Science that I have learned becomes universal, when everyone will realize that nothing material exists, and what is called animal and vegetable life is seen to be a self-evident falsehood. All that we call sin, sickness and death is a matter of belief. Matter is an error of statement, for there is no matter. Nothing we can say or believe of matter is true. If the doctor is gone for good from here, it, I am sure, will be a good thing, for does not this book"—holding up a small cloth-bound volume—"say, physiology, obeying to the letter, that so-called laws of health has neither diminished sickness or increased longevity. Diseases have multiplied and become more obstinate, their chronic forms more frequent, the acute more fatal and death more sudden since our man-made theories have taken the place of primitive truth."

"Now, Julia," said Mrs. Williams, "it is about time you stopped talking this foolishness of yours. What made you scream when the window fell on your finger? Why did you groan when the dentist in Boston was filling your tooth? Why do you put on heavy clothing when the weather is cold, and why do you use a fan when the room is too hot? The fact is I do believe that the doctor did kill that old Holmes, and the only thing I regret about it is that we are living up here in the North, where they make so much fuss about such matters. If we were down in Kentucky, no one would trouble themselves about it, unless there were some relatives, which



there does not seem to be in this case. I'm going back as soon as I can get ready."

"I'm going, too," said Julia.

"Daughters," said their mother, "my heart is heavy with grief to hear you talk so about James, when you know not if he did the killing. He was not the man who would be likely to do such a thing without cause, and there does not seem to be any cause. Don't do anything rash, and do not be in a hurry to believe everything you hear. James may come back soon and explain everything, and let us not talk any more about it until we know more. And you, Julia; I am put about to hear you talk in that manner. Have you forgotten when you had lung fever how James waited on you, and when we all expected you to die, he never left you and pulled you through?"

"Yes, and after I got about again," said Julia, "I found that just at that time I was receiving absent treatment from Mrs. Barnes, up in Portland, and it was her treatment that cured me."

"Mary," said the mother, "would it not be best to send word to Lawyer Moore, up in Boston, who was a great friend of James', and I am sure he would come and advise you what is best to be done. You could send Sam down to Y——, and send a telegram from there and so save time."

Mrs. Williams at once saw the wisdom of her mother's suggestion, and hastily writing the following dispatch:

———, Sept. —, 18—.

"To Judge W. B. Moore,  
——— Street, Boston.

"Come at once to Doctor James Williams."

She called the servant man Sam, and told him to take it to the telegraph office at Y—— as quickly as possible.

That evening about eight o'clock Mr. Moore arrived



from Boston, and was very much surprised and pained to hear of what had happened. He at once said: "Doctor Williams did not commit that murder. Robbery has been the motive, and anyone knowing the doctor as I do knows that he is incapable of doing such a deed. I will find the man who did it and clear the name of my dearest friend."

Judge Moore was a man of medium build, dark blue eyes and black hair and mustache, upon the latter of which time had placed its bleaching hand. He advised Mrs. Williams to make no plans for the future, at least just now, but to go on as if the doctor had gone away for a visit, and in the meantime, said he: "I will make every effort to discover the doctor's whereabouts, for I am convinced that there has been foul play, and the doctor is only kept away for the present to enable the guilty party to escape"; but admitting to himself that the doctor was very likely killed and his body disposed of.



## CHAPTER III.

### A MYSTERY AND A SERMON.

MR. MOORE had in his early years done some very clever detective work, in connection with a robbery of a bank in Boston, and was the means of bringing the thieves to justice, and he now decided that he would bring his talents in this direction into service again for the sake of his friend.

The following morning being Sunday, the Rev. Thomas McGregor stood up in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, the only one in the cove, and looking into the faces of those before him, said:

“My address this morning will be from the words of Abraham, found in the twenty-fifth verse, of the eighteenth chapter of Genesis. ‘That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked, and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be far from thee. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?’ This book, from which I obtain these words, has been placed in the hands of the children of men, as their rule of faith and for their guidance. It meets the requirements of every member of the human race, whether it be for judgment on the unrepentant sinner or for the ‘well done’ to repentant and faithful followers of the meek and lowly Teacher. It contains all the instructions necessary to enable us to live a life that is Christlike in its simplicity, aims and accomplishments. It tells us of our origin and the objects for which we were created. It draws us with the cords of love and encouragement to tread the straight and narrow path



which leads to a satisfactory life here and a glorious resurrection hereafter. It restrains us from evil, by the plentiful judgments which are pronounced against those 'who fear not God' and who do not 'obey his commandments.' It contains instruction for the saint and the sinner, for the rich and the poor, for the educated and the ignorant, for the emperor and the artisan, the president and the populace. It is as suitable for the people of to-day as it was for those who lived during the reign of the Caesars, and its promises will be as sweet and appropriate to succeeding generations as they were to the sweet singer of Israel when he said, 'O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he has done marvelous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory. The Lord hath made known his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.'

"To-day our hearts are filled with grief and consternation because of the terrible calamity which has befallen this people. A man has been found murdered, and circumstantial evidence points out as the murderer one whom we have loved, and in our hours of pain and sickness we have longed to see. It is not for us to judge even if everything were proven. There are many things which would go to disprove the theories of those who have sat in judgment. Can you, my friends, believe that a man whose soul was illuminated and beautified by the smile of approval from the face of the Almighty, who seeing the heroic and self-sacrificing work of this humble follower of the 'Great Physician,' must have pronounced a 'well done' on his work that night, two lives saved; can you believe that he could hurl the soul of a fellow mortal, all unprepared, into the presence of the 'Judge of all the earth?' I tell you no, a thousand times no. There will come a time when this mystery will be made clear, 'God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil.'



"It is for the purpose of comforting your hearts to-day that I have chosen this text.

"We will first notice that God's judgments are righteous, 'shall not the judge of all the earth do right?' He knows our every weakness, he understands all our motives. He does not see as man sees, nor will he judge as man judges. Everything is 'open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do.' He is our father and we are his children. What a comfort to think that we are not to be judged by one who would possibly allow some personal feeling to enter into the judgment, and how difficult for any man whose passions are human and whose feelings are liable to be stirred by the eloquent appeal of some brilliant legal talent which has been hired for gold to render an impartial judgment.

"Since the time when the edict went forth, 'the soul that sinneth it shall die,' up to the present, God has been visiting the works of his creation with judgments. There must be something in these judgments for our good, for he doeth all things well, and he who gave his 'only begotten Son' to save us from the judgment which would say 'depart from me into everlasting punishment' intends that these present judgments shall be made a means of bringing us closer to him. They teach us humiliation, 'and when Rehoboam humbled himself, the wrath of the Lord was turned from him that he would not destroy him altogether.' Here we have an instance of humility saving for the time from the righteous judgments of God.

"Jeremiah said, 'Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall, my soul hath them still in remembrance and is humbled in me.' This I recall to my mind, therefore I have hope.' 'Out of the mouth of the Most High proceedeth not evil and good, wherefore doth a living man complain, a man for the punishment of his sins? Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord.'



"But the judgments of God not only teach us humility, they also supply a motive for repentance. There are doubtless many times when we feel like saying, with the poet:

'And man, whose heaven erected face,  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man,  
Makes countless thousands mourn.'

"The fear of God's judgments, while not perhaps being the highest motive which should induce 'the wicked man to forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts,' at the same time it is for some the only thing which will get them into the circle of God's love. The training which will produce a nihilist or an anarchist must be different to that which produces a Democrat or a believer in a monarchical form of government; hence the necessity of declaring the whole council of God, his loving kindness towards us in providing a ransom, as well as his righteous judgment which consigns the unrepentant sinner to an abode with the 'Prince of the power of the air.'

"Again: The judgments of God should be a means of bringing us as supplicants to the foot of the cross.

"When the Almighty was about to severely punish the children of Israel for their idolatrous worship of the golden calf, 'Moses besought the Lord his God' and said, 'Remember Abraham, Isaac and Israel, thy servants to whom thou swearest by thine own self'; and thus saved the people from the threatened judgment. And again: 'When Moses prayed unto the Lord the fire was quenched,' which the Lord had sent among them for their complaining, by Daniel's prayer for his people in captivity, and how encouraged we are at the immediate results, for we are told that, 'whilst I was yet speaking



in prayer,' the angel Gabriel came to him and informed him when to expect the termination of their captivity.

"It is well, therefore, for us, in view of this dispensation of Divine Providence, this sudden judgment of Almighty God in this corner of his vineyard, to approach with reverence and 'godly fear' the throne of grace. Let us pray," and with a reverent uplifting of his hands he signalled his people to arise, and the whole congregation, without exception, stood up and with bowed heads, folded hands and tearful eyes listened intently to the following from the lips of their pastor: "O Almighty Father, who art the only true God and Father of mankind, we thy humble children approach Thee with bleeding hearts and weeping eyes. Our souls are heavy within us, and we know not where to go but to Thee, who has not only asked but commanded us to call upon Thee in the day of trouble. Truly, O Lord, this is the day of trouble to this people. We come pleading not our own worthiness, but the worthiness of Thine own Son, whom, before the foundation of the world, Thou didst ordain to be the 'propitiation for our sins' and who after having experienced the suffering and temptations and trials incident to humanity, and bearing the sins of the universe, is now seated at Thy right hand. We bless Thy high and holy name that Thou didst not leave us without a Saviour, a prey to the great author of evil, that Thou didst in Thine infinite goodness and mercy and wisdom provide for us out of Thine own self the means by which Thy righteous judgments can be accomplished and we, who are under condemnation, be saved. Thou knowest the great sorrow which has come upon us. Lord, we do not believe that he who has so mysteriously disappeared from our midst is guilty of the great crime which some would seem to place at his door. Show us thy mercy, Thou all wise Father. We do not pray for



vengeance upon the real author of this crime, for 'vengeance belongeth to the Lord,' but we do supplicate Thee that Thou wouldst restore to his family and friends him whom we have on our hearts. Be gracious unto us, O Lord, and in Thine own way and time—but we pray Thee that that time may be soon—restore us our friend. Remember, O Our Father, his kind-heartedness, his ministrations to the sick and suffering, and his usefulness in the work which has come to be specially considered the 'Lord's work.' And now, our Father, be with us and lay not Thy hand too heavily upon us and unto Thine elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ, may it be granted unto us to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be glory both now and forever. Amen."

At the close of this prayer the whole congregation sank upon their knees and gave way to their grief by loud sobbing, which continued until the pastor announced the closing hymn, which was a versification of the third part of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm.



## CHAPTER IV.

### MRS. WILLIAMS.

AFTER the singing of the hymn, Mr. Moore, who with Mrs. Williams had been seated in the rear of the church, came forward and taking the minister by the hand said: "God bless you for what you have said this day; will you not come and speak to Mrs. Williams?" Mr. McGregor walked slowly down the aisle, and approaching Mrs. Williams, found her weeping. None had ever seen her in the church before, and her own mother had never seen tears in her eyes since her childhood.

The pastor held out his hand, and in a trembling voice could only say: "Mrs. Williams." She grasped the proffered hand and bursting into tumultuous and uncontrollable weeping, began to upbraid herself for the past. The pastor comforted her as best he could, and then, when all had left the church except these three, they kneeled down and the minister again implored God's mercy and blessing. Mrs. Williams and Mr. Moore then walked slowly and silently home. At the door Mrs. Williams said: "Judge, will you excuse me if I do not appear at lunch to-day? I wish to be alone." She passed into the house, and going directly to her own room, did not appear again until evening. When she came into the room where her mother and Mr. Moore sat talking, she walked up to her mother and kissed her, something she had not done for years. She then asked Mr. Moore to go with her to Staffords.

Arriving at their destination, she told him that he had



better remain outside while she went in to inquire how little Bess was.

She found the little girl sitting up in her cot, with her father and mother beside her. Mrs. Williams sat down beside them, and after making inquiries about the little one, she requested that she might be allowed to come every day and see the child. Mrs. Stafford could scarcely understand the turn affairs had taken, and seemed ill at ease while her visitor remained.

Shortly after Mrs. Williams had entered the house Stafford had gone out, and finding Mr. Moore standing by the gate, he walked up to him, and the two were soon in earnest conversation.

On the way home there was little conversation. Mr. Moore seemed distracted and depressed. The next morning he walked down to Stafford's and remained for some time, and on returning to the doctor's house he informed Mrs. Williams that he would start for Boston that afternoon, and he advised her strongly to remain for the present and make no changes. Mrs. Williams assured him that nothing would induce her to leave there now, and that she believed that the doctor would return, and in the meantime she would do what she could to make amends for the past. This she did to the fullest extent. If nursing was required it was Mrs. Williams who did it. If some delicacy was needed for the sick, Mrs. Williams prepared and carried it with her own hands. If a sick child needed care or attention, it was she who was always at hand, and her name soon became a household word and a synonym for cheerfulness, comfort and compassion. Mr. McGregor received more help and encouragement from her than from anyone else in the settlement. The hard lines of her face, which before had been repellant, now became softened and her happy expression was the best evidence that her greatest pleas-



ure was found in the work in which she was now engaged. Once her sister upbraided her for what she did, saying: "Don't you know Mary that you are doing much to increase disease and sin, for this book says 'the doctor's mind reaches the patient; his beliefs in disease and the reality and fatality it has to him harms his patients more than his calomel and morphine. Give the science of metaphysical healing a hearing in our pulpits, free discussion from the press, and the place in our institutions of learning that physiology now occupies, and it would eradicate sickness and sin in less time than they have been increasing on the old systems and stereotyped plans to beat them.'"

"Now, Julia," said Mrs. Williams, "to say that this so-called science which has been evolved by a human being is capable of doing away with what God himself could not eradicate without sacrificing his 'only begotten Son' is to my mind more sinful than simple. I do not know enough of your metaphysical healing doctrines to argue at any length; in fact, I do not think that argument is necessary. When Satan came to tempt Christ he was met not by any lengthy metaphysical argument, but by a plain quotation, and a correct one, from God's word, which was sufficient. When Christ met the blind man he did not begin by saying, 'You are not blind'; he used means to restore sight to those sightless organs. He did not say to the lepers, 'You have no disease'; he sent them to bathe in a certain mineral water which cured them. Here we see Christ using certain means and methods to cure disease, which shows us plainly that we are to use the means that God has placed in our hands to do the work for which we are, by Him, placed here to accomplish."

From this time Julia said no more on this subject.

Mrs. Williams' face had a settled, calm and grieved,



yet withal happy expression, but in which one could not help detecting the absence of something, which gave her the appearance of always expecting.

Matters went on in this way for five years. A new doctor had come into the settlement, and he found Mrs. Williams an invaluable help to him. It did not matter what difficult case he had, when he needed assistance he would always send for her, and she never refused to render any help of which she was capable. The new doctor had time and again urged her to go up to Boston and take a course in nursing, but she always said she was not ready to go yet.

For two summers a lady who taught botany in one of the Boston schools had come down here and roomed and boarded with Mrs. Williams, who became very much interested in this work, and the two spent many hours together in the fields and the woods, as they said "botanizing." This teacher found Mrs. Williams so apt in this particular work, and having besides a splendid general education, that she urged her to go up to Boston and secure a position as teacher. Mrs. Williams would always say that she could not get away from home, as she seemed to be needed every day; but when the teacher was leaving this last time, Mrs. Williams said to her: "Perhaps you will see me in Boston before the winter is over."



## CHAPTER V.

### A CONFESSION.

ONE morning late in September, Stafford, who had just returned from his nets, was surprised by a visit from Mr. Moore. The lawyer had a newspaper in his hand, which he gave to Stafford, and pointing to a paragraph, asked him to read it. This paragraph was prefaced by the heading:

“CONFESSION OF A MURDERER NOW UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH AT THE STATE PRISON.”

“Two weeks ago John Northup was arrested, tried and convicted for the murder of Levi Matthew, a jeweler of ———, whose store he attempted to burglarize. He was sentenced to be executed on the 30th of the present month. Yesterday he asked to see a priest, to whom he made a confession. The priest refused him absolution unless he would make part of this confession public, and this he did. It is as follows: ‘In September, five years ago, I learned that there was an old miser living near ———, in the State of Maine. He lived alone in a house somewhat removed from all others, and I decided to rob him. I arrived in front of his house just before day-break, and seeing a man standing there and supposing it to be the old miser, I struck him from behind a hard blow on the side of the head with a club which I carried. He fell to the ground and I proceeded to search his pockets. Finding no keys, I at once walked to the door and attempted to open it. A voice from within asking “Who’s there?” showed me that I had struck the wrong



man. I replied to the voice: "Come here quick, there is a man badly hurt here." I then stood to one side and when the old man came out I struck him and rendered him senseless.

"I then carried him inside, put him on the bed, tied his hands and feet, and went outside to see if I had killed the first man, and found him dead. I picked up a small satchel which he still grasped in his hand, and on opening it found it filled with medicines and surgical instruments. It was now getting light, and fearing that some one might be passing, I carried the dead man into the house, and proceeded to hunt for the miser's money. I succeeded in finding a considerable amount, about four thousand dollars, and while I was going through the miser's pockets he recovered consciousness and began to scream. Fearing discovery, I threatened to kill him if he did not remain quiet. My threat did not stop his cries, so I took one of the knives out of the satchel of the man I had killed outside, and out of sheer desperation I plunged it into the miser's heart. I then made further search, and found about two thousand dollars more, about half of which was gold. I then took the satchel which contained the medicines and instruments, and emptying these on the floor, I put my booty in it and was about to leave when a cunning thought occurred to me. I gathered up all the medicines and instruments, and carrying them to the rear of the house I buried them in some newly dug up soil. I left the knife sticking in the miser's breast and placed my club by his bedside, and then carried the body of the first man in and placed it on the floor near the bed, and untied the miser's hands and feet. All this I did to make it appear that they had been fighting and had killed each other. I then got away, and taking the train at ———, I did not stop until I arrived in Denver.



" 'Here I remained for some time, making excursions out to neighboring towns, and frequently holding men up. Once myself and another, in the month of March, 18——, attempted to hold a man up on the street of a city over one hundred miles south of Denver, and he fought so hard with a loaded cane which he carried that I was forced to shoot him or I believe he would have killed me.' "

Stafford read this through and seemed stunned for a time. At length he said: "Mr. Moore, can you explain this?"

Mr. Moore replied, "I think I can," and proceeded to do so to Stafford's satisfaction.

Mr. Moore and Stafford, after some further conversation, went up to Doctor Williams' house, and after a somewhat lengthy confidential talk with Mrs. Williams, the lawyer and Stafford took their leave, the former starting at once for Boston.

On his way home Stafford's step seemed lighter and his face happier than for many a day.

The next day Stafford went to Enos Holmes' place, which everyone shunned since the murder, and on digging over quite an extent of ground he at last unearthed the medicines and instruments of Doctor Williams, and thus proved the truth of the confession of the convict. This he wrote to Mr. Moore and carried the findings to Mrs. Williams, who carefully put them away, regarding them seemingly as sacred. A few days after this Mrs. Williams informed her mother and Julia that she was going up to Boston and might possibly remain away for a year. She asked them to remain and attend to matters as usual. She then went to Mr. McGregor and told him of her intended absence. The minister, who had received so much help and encouragement from her in his duties, felt that he was sustaining a great loss, but



said nothing to prevent her going—on the contrary gave her words of comfort and wished her God speed.

The new doctor gave her the addresses of several people, friends of his, in Boston who might be of service to her. She visited every family in the cove before going away, and many were the good wishes and blessings bestowed upon her by these simple but loving and appreciative people.









A SHIPWRECK



## CHAPTER VI.

### A SEA VOYAGE.

SOMETIME after the events recorded in the last chapter a young man stepped on board of a large brig which was lying at the "T" wharf in Boston, and inquired for the captain. He was shown to the cabin, where Captain John Berne received him cordially, saying: "Now, Mr. Adams, we are about ready to sail, and I know you will have no fault to find with the 'Bessie G,' for she is the fastest brig out of Boston and as dry as a house in a storm. I will land you at Ciudad de Bolivar in less than thirty days, safe and sound. Have you all your traps and belongings aboard? We will sail to-night at six o'clock if there is enough wind to fill our topsails."

At six o'clock everything was life and bustle on the clean white deck of the Bessie G. The order to hoist the jib and mainsail was given, and the lines which held the ship to the wharf being cast loose, the brig, under the pressure of a fresh breeze from the west, sprang away from her moorings like a thing of life. One sail after another was "shook out," the sheets drawn taut and the braces belayed. They glided past Governor's Island and had a good view of Fort Winthrop, and when they passed Deer Island, where they dropped their pilot, it was quite dark. The first mate's watch was sent below, the captain with the second mate taking the first watch on deck. Halyards and ropes had to be coiled, the anchor cated, and everything made secure.

Mr. Adams was an interested observer of all this work and seemed to take more interest in what was going



on than if he were only a passenger bound for South America on an exploring trip. He remained on deck long after the captain's watch had gone below, and watched the lights on the shore grow dim, and after a time the lights on the Brewsters were only seen by looking over the tafrail. He watched the bright phosphorescence of the water as it dashed against the side of the ship and fell back into the darker and deeper water which reached down and down into unfathomed depths. The moonlight seemed to gild the waves with silver as far as the eye could penetrate the darkness. A feeling of loneliness hung over everything, and with it a sense of the vastness and the unconquerable power of this ocean, over which he was now gliding with so much ease and security. Had man conquered? Most assuredly not. He had seen a shipwreck a year before during a southeast gale. A ship was seen through the mist in the offing, flying signals of distress. She came rapidly towards the shore and men could be seen on her deck. No boat could live in that sea. As the ship got into shoal water she was tossed from the top of one gigantic wave to another like a toy to be played with. At length, when almost against the cliff, she seemed to be caught up by an oncoming wave and thrown with inexpressible force and fury against the jagged rocks. There was a crunching, splitting sound and the spume of the wave was covered for a moment with a tangle of splintered wood, twisted ropes, and human forms, and the next wave covered all up, and then nothing further was seen but a few pieces of broken plank or battered rail to tell of the destruction which had been wrought in a second of time by this same ocean which now appeared so beautiful and submissive. Would he see it when in angry mood and be at its mercy? Then a feeling of un-



utterable wretchedness came over him for which he could not account, and he went below and, as the sailors say, "turned in."

The next morning the sun rose clear and bright in a cloudless sky. The wind, which had hauled to the northwest, was fresh, and the long, heavy "ground swell" of the ocean was sufficient to show the brig off to the best advantage. Every sail was set and full and the vessel bounded over her trackless course and the waves came and kissed her on either cheek in token of welcome. A flock of seagulls followed in their wake, and occasionally the large sharp dorsal fin of a shark showed that they were being followed by a monster whose joy is in disaster and whose very life and living come through death and destruction.

Mr. Adams awoke this morning and felt that something had gone wrong during the darkness. An uncontrollable desire to die took possession of him, but he did not have sufficient energy to be his own executioner. He grasped the edge of the "bunk" with a fond desperation in a fruitless attempt to keep the Bessie G on an even keel. He could hear the tread of the sailors on the deck, and the splashing of the water as the ship passed from the loving embrace of one huge ground swell to that of another. He had no fear, but this awful nausea! How long would it last, what would relieve it, should he survive to perform the task before him? He ate nothing this day, and the captain very wisely left him to himself.

On the third morning out the sun was not shining so brightly, the weather being somewhat hazy, but to Mr. Adams everything looked brighter, and he was able to come on deck and to enjoy something of the exhilaration of bounding over the "wide waste of waters" on the deck of a fast sailing ship, with a fair wind and "all sheets



taut." His appetite returned, but his food did not, and he was soon able to walk along the deck without measuring his length in the lea scuppers.

On the fifth day out our passenger brought a rifle on deck and proceeded to practice on gulls, blue fish and sharks, and after getting in the vicinity of the Bahamas the flying fish supplied him with a good target.

On the eastern edge of the gulf stream the Bessie G encountered a terrible storm which confined Mr. Adams to his bunk for two days. About four o'clock in the afternoon of a day which had been perfect a small dark cloud appeared to the south. The captain, on consulting the barometer, or, as the sailors says, the "glass," found it rapidly falling. Orders were at once given to shorten sail, and although the greatest haste was made, the storm was upon them before the for'sail was furled. The first blast of the wind tore this sail into ribbons and threw the ship so nearly on her beam-ends that everyone made for the weather rail. The good ship, however, righted herself, and was soon scudding before the hurricane with a velocity which threatened to bring them again within sight of the port from which they had sailed a week before. Towards morning the storm abated, and the wind veering around to the northeast, the Bessie G was soon on her course again with a free sheet.

On the morning of the twentieth day out they sighted land to the southwest, and the captain, calling Mr. Adams to him, said: "That is the island of Trinidad, and is situated one hundred miles from the mouth of the Orinoco River, from which we have a sail of two hundred and fifty miles to the city of Ciudad de Bolivar, or, as it is frequently called, Angostura."

After sighting the island of Trinidad they sailed a more southerly course, and that night again the cry of



"Land ho!" brought Mr. Adams on deck. He could see a light ahead, and approaching the captain, he asked: "What land is that?" He was informed that it was a light on the northwest point of Barima Island, at the mouth of the Orinoco River, which is here about forty miles wide. At daylight the next morning the Bessie G was up the river a sufficient distance so that land could be seen on both sides. Mr. Adams seemed excited and impatient at the slow progress they were making against the current and a head wind. The next day, however, the wind was in their favor and they made better progress.



## CHAPTER VII.

### THE ORINOCO RIVER.

THE view on both sides of the river was something not to be forgotten. On the starboard side the land was low and covered with an exceedingly dense forest of enormous growth. The variegated colors indicated that the trees were not all of the same species. Spots of dark green showed where majestic palms thrust their waving fronds into the ethereal azure and stand like sentinels guarding the multitudinous forms of animal, insect and plant life which here has been beautified by the hand of the Creator beyond the power of human tongue to tell. On the port side the ground was considerably higher, and dotted here and there with small villages, the houses being poorly built but heavily thatched with the leaves of a large palm resembling the cabbage palm.

Back of these villages and extending as far as the eye could reach was the primeval forest, consisting of graceful palms of a hundred different kinds—the india-rubber tree, with its large long leaf and heavy foliage, the mahogany, the rosewood, the coco-bolo, the ebony, and many others, the wood of which will some day delight the heart of the cabinet maker. This whole forest is bound together with vines and creeping parasites, which render it almost inaccessible to man and is the home of countless troops of monkeys and myriads of beautifully colored birds of every size and kind. Here nature has certainly outdone herself. Will the time ever come when the ruthless hand of destructive man shall have con-



verted this evidence of the creative genius of an all wise Father into the desolation of civilization, where the hand of every man is against that of his neighbor, where ill-gotten gains will be the criterion of the fitness of men to be placed upon the pedestal of fame, and where poverty will be a crime and lack of wealth a disgrace? Will it be a place where the enlightened American will come with his detestable firewater, and worse habits of fast living and libertinism, and destroy the soul as well as the body of the present happy child of nature who worships in God's first temples? The march of civilization of which we boast so much, has it not been the march of the destroying angel? And will it not continue to be a march of destruction until the enlightened civilized white men shall have put away from among them those terrible habits and practices which are dragging men and women into deeper destruction than if they had never heard the tramp of the civilizing host?

On the morning of the fourth day after entering the mouth of the river, the Bessie G fastened her lines to a wharf in Ciudad de Bolivar, a city of about twelve thousand inhabitants, composed of Spanish, Portuguese, English and half-breeds. The ubiquitous American is there looking after the almighty dollar, totally disregarding his health, which is being destroyed by malaria and bad water.

As soon as it was possible Mr. Adams went on shore and made his way to the office of the American Consul, a Mr. Goodwin, whom, when he had found, he informed of his object in coming to South America, and asked leave to have a private interview. This was cheerfully granted. After this interview Mr. Adams went on board of the Bessie G and told the captain that he would have his belongings sent to the house of the Consul and would start for the interior the following day.



That night he spent in writing letters home, which the captain promised to mail at Port of Spain, where he intended calling for orders.

The next morning Mr. Adams procured the services of an Indian guide, belonging to a tribe called Gaucho. He was a tall, splendidly developed man about thirty years old, and wore trousers of leather, tanned a deep yellow, and a loose-fitting tunic of the same material, but tanned a light brown. His hat was cone-shaped and made from twisted grass woven so closely as to hold water without leaking. He carried a rifle, an old Snyder that had evidently been obtained from some Englishman, a long spear, the head of which was bronze, a grass rope about fifty feet long, and a musical instrument resembling a guitar. His feet were protected by wooden sandals, fastened on by thin broad leather thongs. His facial expression would have made life miserable for a physiognomist, it was such a complete blank. His eyes were large, brown and soft, but with a certain fire in them which made Mr. Adams feel that his guide's friendship, if once gained, would be lasting and his enmity would be swift destruction. With the aid of this guide Mr. Adams procured a canoe sixteen feet long, made from the trunk of a tree dug out and capable of safely carrying at least six persons. In this everything necessary for the journey up the river was packed. The Indian took only two days' supply of food on board, and on Mr. Adams suggesting that this was not sufficient, the guide, pointing first to the river and then to the forest, said: "Plenty there."

Before leaving, Mr. Adams went on board of the brig to say good-bye to Captain Berne and his crew, for during the voyage he had become a great favorite with all hands on board. He asked the captain to see some of his friends in Boston on his return and tell them that



he was starting out well equipped and that if anything came in the way, his rifle and that of his guide would certainly be able to take care of them. The captain told him that they had more to fear from the many different tribes of Indians and half-breeds than from wild beasts. "For," said he, "since the advent of the white man among the Indian inhabitants of the new world, and especially the Spaniard, the poor natives cannot be blamed if they not only look with an eye of suspicion on every white face, but if they, in a spirit of self-preservation, annihilate everyone who crosses their path. I have seen them all over this Central and South America, in ports where I have called, brought to the lowest grades of degradation by what they have received at the hands of the paleface. They have been changed from a proud, self-reliant, happy people to slaves of a far worse type than those who cursed the United States before the war and since. I believe, too, that you will find the full-blooded native much less to be dreaded than those who have been unfortunate enough as to have some of the blood of the white race in their veins. I would not be too ready to destroy the life of any of these untutored natives, except in order to save your own life, and I think that you will rarely find it necessary if you respect their rights. And now, Mr. Adams, good-bye, and when you return to Boston look me up, for after this voyage I intend to retire, and I will be glad to see you and get an account of your trip and what came of it."



## CHAPTER VIII.

### FROM ANGOSTURA TO SAN FERNANDO DE ATABAPO.

THEY left Angostura about two o'clock in the afternoon, and at dark camped eight miles up the river. As soon as their hammocks had been arranged, the guide made a torch of dry palm leaves and taking his spear got into the canoe and pushed out into the stream. He returned in half an hour with two fish, each weighing about eight pounds and somewhat resembling the sturgeon of North American waters. These he dressed and cooked before a fire which he readily made of dried palm leaf stems.

Mr. Adams suffered much from the flies while this meal was being prepared, and was therefore glad to get into his hammock and cover himself with a netting that the Consul at Angostura had advised him to take with him. The early part of the night he was kept awake by the screaming of a bird of brilliant plumage and in form resembling the parrot, but in habits more resembling the mockingbird of the middle and southern states.

When Mr. Adams awoke the next morning the sun was just rising and the guide had breakfast ready. This meal consisted of meat of a peculiar but not unpleasant flavor and was exceedingly tender. It was the flesh of an animal closely resembling the peccary, and evidently belonging to the same general order of vertebrates as the tapir and peccary, all of which seem to be an evolvment of a class of prehistoric animals, the fossilized remains of which have been found in various parts of the world.



There was also a vegetable very much like our Irish potato, that is found growing in the dry sandy soil of the higher ground drained by the Orinoco and upper Amazon, and forms a very important article of diet for the Indians and half-breeds of this region. They also had fresh ripe Brazil nuts. As soon as breakfast was eaten they started on up the great river. They passed many small, dilapidated native villages, but did not stop until noon, when the guide ran the canoe into a small igarape or channel that ran at right angles to the river. Here the vegetation was so dense that the sky could not be seen. Immense palms of several species grew to enormous size and height. The *Mauritia*, which bears clusters of a bright red fruit, the *Raphia*, with its beautiful, graceful leaves at least forty feet long, the *Manicaria*, with its enormous stiff leaves thirty feet long, and many others which Mr. Adams could not name, but which he could not help admire. While he was wondering at the immensity and grandeur of this unsurpassable vegetation, the canoe came suddenly into an open space, and on the right bank was a native house or *sito* outside of which men and women sat eating. The guide at once landed, and making the canoe fast to a small reed called the *Murici*, he took up his harp, and motioning Mr. Adams to follow, he walked without ceremony up to the diners, and seating himself, began to talk in the low guttural Indian tongue. The natives neither displayed nor expressed surprise, but at once placed before the travelers a most bountiful meal, consisting of fish, meat, vegetables, fruit, cakes, and a drink made from the fruit of the Cacao tree, which is cultivated by all the natives on this river as well as on the upper Amazon. The fish resembled the black bass of the great lakes, the meat was the flesh of a small deer or antelope, the fruit was a small and poorly flavored orange, and the cakes were



made of the ground and prepared Mandioca root, and were not unpalatable. The house or sito was a roof thickly thatched with palm leaves, set on posts that were firmly driven into the ground, and it had one side wall toward the east. Under this roof a number of hammocks were hung, for all the Indians in this region sleep in hammocks as a protection against insects and reptiles which here abound both in numbers and kinds. The hammocks are made of a long, wiry grass which grows in the swamps on both sides of the river.

Having partaken of a hearty meal, the travelers embarked again, after procuring some of the farina with which to make cakes. Passing out through the igarape, they gained the broad river, against whose current they worked their way farther into the heart of the jungle.

The guide told Mr. Adams that after they passed the Aro river they would do well to avoid all Indians until they reached Cabruta, where the Apure river empties its waters into the great channel of the Orinoco, which at this point comes from the south. He said that after that there were some good Indians and some very bad ones, who killed and ate those whom they captured. This was not very cheery news for Mr. Adams, and from this time on he practised more with his rifle.

When they neared the confluence of the Caura river, which comes from the south, they rested during the day and moved on their journey during the night, so as to avoid meeting with any "undesirable citizens." This they did at the rivers Suato, Aracai and Espino, coming in from the north, and the Cuchiiero, coming from the south. Thus they traveled this two hundred miles without incident worthy of special mention, until they had gotten within a day's journey of Cabruta, where



occurred their first adventure, which seriously impeded their progress and which threatened to end their voyage disastrously.

At noon, when they had steered the canoe into a small igarape, to prepare and eat their midday meal, the Indian's quick and experienced eye detected something in the semi-darkness at the edge of the water. Motioning Mr. Adams to keep quiet, he seized his spear and lightly stepped on shore. Advancing a few steps, he suddenly raised himself to his full height, grasped his weapon tightly, and with all the strength in his powerful frame threw it at something a few yards in advance.

There was a sudden roar of pain, and the next moment the Indian was borne to the ground by the weight of an infuriated and wounded jaguar. Sudden and unexpected as the attack was, the Indian was not unprepared. He caught the animal by the throat with both hands, and thus saved himself from the fangs of the furious beast, but his right side and leg were torn by the animal's claws. Mr. Adams was quick to realize the danger, and, catching up his rifle, he sprang out of the canoe and rushed to the aid of his guide.

Man and beast were struggling for the mastery, and it was with some difficulty and at great risk to his own life that he succeeded in placing the muzzle of his rifle to the jaguar's ear and sending a bullet through its brain. The guide was terribly torn, but no bones were broken and no vital parts injured, and Mr. Adams set himself to the task of dressing the wounds. He knew enough of modern surgery to understand the necessity of cleanliness, and, building a fire, he soon heated some water. After bathing the lacerated tissues, he, by the use of adhesive plaster and bandages which he had wisely brought with him, succeeded in getting the poor Indian



dressed surgically, so that he was not only fairly comfortable but also in a comparatively safe condition, so far as the danger of infection was concerned.

He then, at the suggestion of the Indian, skinned the jaguar and succeeded in stretching the skin so that it might dry without spoiling. The guide would not be able to move for some days, and on Mr. Adams devolved not only the duties of nurse but also that of provider. He succeeded in shooting a few birds about the size of partridges, and also in catching some fish, the latter evidently not being full grown, the back-bone not having reached a state of complete ossification. The flesh of the jaguar Mr. Adams could not eat, but the Indian declared it good, and had Mr. Adams cook some for him. The next day Mr. Adams shot a peccary, and found some fruit and wild potatoes, which added greatly to their store of food. He waited on the guide carefully, and had the satisfaction of seeing him recovering rapidly.

On the morning of the tenth day after the accident the wind was blowing fresh up the river, and they decided to start for Cabruta. The guide was not able to use the paddle, but Mr. Adams could manage very well while the wind was in his favor. About dark they had the satisfaction of arriving at this town, which had a population of about two thousand, mostly Spanish and Portuguese. Some Americans were there, looking after the india-rubber trade, and with these Mr. Adams had several conversations, with the result that he decided to go by the way of the Guaviare river, instead of the route he had planned; viz., by the way of the Cassiquari, which connects the Orinoco with the waters of the Amazon. The new route would take him in a westerly direction near to the seventy-second degree of longitude and as far south as the second degree of north latitude, and,

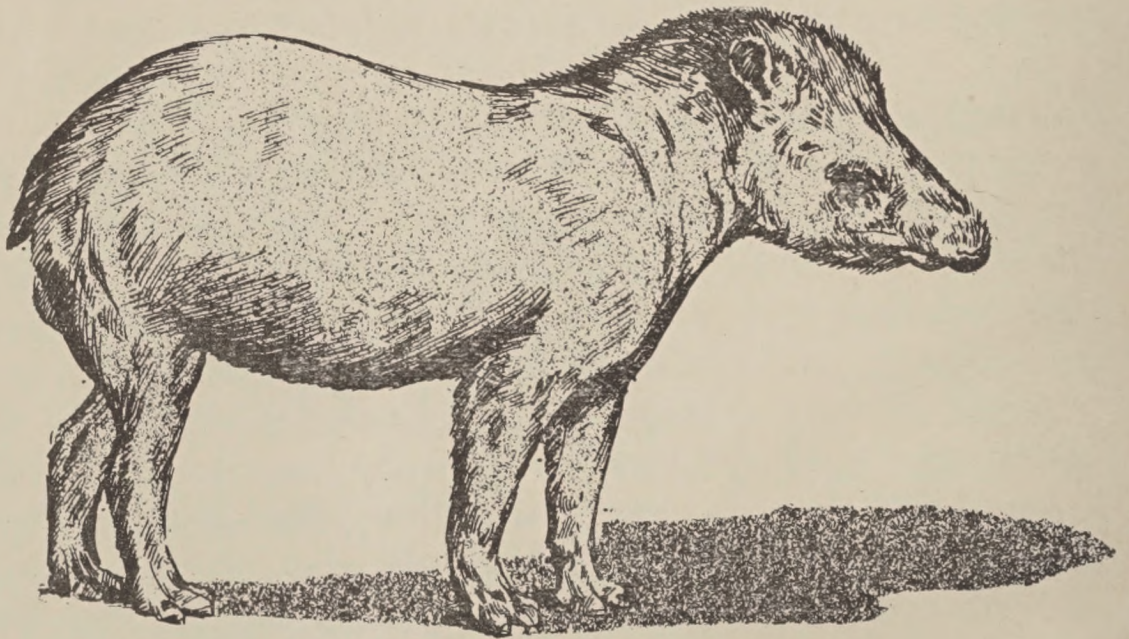








A PECCARY



A THREE-TOED TAPIR



as far as Mr. Adams could judge, very near to that part of the country where he wished to go.

After resting here for ten days in order to give his guide plenty of time to recover his strength, and also to find out as much as possible about the country through which he was about to travel, and the character of the native population, they started out, their next objective point being San Fernando de Atabapo, where the Guaviare disembogues into the Orinoco. The river here runs through a level stretch of country for hundreds of miles, and, though deep, the current was not strong, and they therefore had easy paddling most of the time. Days when the wind was against them they would rest or try to make only a short journey, but when the wind was in their favor they more than made up for their loss of time. They were now traveling south, and could see the San Siquiti and the San Marpichi mountains to the east.

They had reached the Sipapo river, which comes into the Orinoco from the east and about half-way between Cabruta and Atabapo before anything occurred to disturb the serenity of their voyage. It was early one morning, and they had passed the mouth of the Sipapo about two hours before sunrise, and were looking for a good place to land and rest, when a canoe loaded with Indians, twelve in all, came swiftly around a bend in the river. There were two paddling on each side of the canoe, and, coming with the current, they were going at a rapid rate. The moment they saw Mr. Adams' canoe they stopped paddling and backed water, but only for a moment, for they soon discovered there were only two men, and therefore not enough in number to give them any concern.



The guide told Mr. Adams that these were bad Indians, and that they should not allow them to come too close, but to get his rifle ready and shoot them as fast as he could; and then the guide caught up his rifle and prepared to shoot. Mr. Adams told him not to shoot, but to wait until he gave the word. When the canoe load of Indians had gotten close enough so that they could hear what he said, Mr. Adams told them to keep away, at the same time motioning to them so that they would understand. They stopped paddling and allowed their canoe to drift, and then Mr. Adams told the guide to take his paddle and attempt to make a landing on the east bank of the river, where there seemed to be an open space free from jungle.

When the Indians saw this, they started for the canoe, but Mr. Adams pointed his rifle at them and gave them to understand that he would do them harm if they persisted in coming too near.

They talked a few minutes, and, seeming to decide that they were being bluffed, they again came towards Mr. Adams' canoe. He then put his rifle to his shoulder, and, aiming above their heads, fired. The effect was not what he expected. The Indians, instead of appearing alarmed, redoubled their efforts to reach them before they should land. Mr. Adams then told the guide to make every effort to reach the shore, and he then stood up and fired at the bow of the canoe, just above the water line. They stopped paddling, and before they realized what was the trouble, one of the Indians had the paddle shot out of his hand by a bullet from Mr. Adams' unerring rifle.

This caused a good deal of consternation among the Indians, and gave Mr. Adams and the guide an opportunity of reaching the shore. They ran the canoe up



on a little strip of sandy beach, and, springing out, prepared to defend themselves. The guide stuck his spear in the sand beside him, and stood ready with his rifle to shoot at command, and Mr. Adams refilled the magazine of his rifle and waited for whatever might follow. One of the Indians in the canoe seemed to be engaged in stopping the leak caused by the bullet from Mr. Adams' rifle, and the others held a consultation.

After a few minutes they approached slowly and cautiously, and when within fifty yards of the shore one of their number stood up and began to talk, addressing himself to the party on the beach. They gathered from his gesticulations and manner of speech that they wished to convey to them the idea that they did not mean to harm them, but their previous actions had prejudiced them in the minds of both Mr. Adams and the guide. Mr. Adams told them, principally by signs, that they were not in any great need of companionship, especially of their stripe, and that the best thing for them to do was to continue their journey on down the river, whither they seemed to be bound when they were first discovered. He also indicated to them as plainly as possible that if they still persisted in forcing their company upon unwilling hosts, there was liable to be something happen that would be more disagreeable than anything that had gone before.

Just at this moment a small deer came out of the jungle on the opposite bank of the river, which was here about two hundred yards wide, and Mr. Adams, pointing to the animal to call the attention of the Indians to it, raised his rifle and fired. The deer fell dead with a bullet in its brain. The Indians in the canoe at once started for the opposite shore, to see what had happened to the deer. They all got out, and after carefully exam-



ining the dead animal, got in the canoe and started down the stream, keeping close to the west bank. As soon as they were out of sight, Mr. Adams and the guide got in their canoe and started up the river, watching carefully for a good place to land and hide their canoe and to remain until night. This kind of a place they soon discovered, and here they remained until after sunset.

From this time on the most of their journey was made during the night, until they reached Atabapo, situated in Venezuelan territory, and, as has already been said, at the confluence of the Guaviare and the Orinoco. Here was the usual population of half-breeds, with a few full-blooded Spaniards and Portuguese, one Englishman and three Americans. The city is beautifully located but poorly built, the houses being all built of bamboo with thatched roofs. Here there is more fruit cultivated than at any other place they had seen after leaving Angostura.

They had also quite extensive fields of mandioca and casiva, from which all their bread is made. They remained here for ten days in order to rest, procure supplies, and gain what information they could as to the character of the country through which they intended to travel, as well as of the Indians with whom they would be likely to come in contact. When the Englishman and the Americans learned of the voyage that Mr. Adams had already taken, and further of the one intended, they were amazed, and told him plainly that they thought he was a lunatic to have undertaken such a trip. As for him thinking of going further, they said it was suicidal, for almost all the Indians along the course of the Guaviare were considered cannibals, and said the Englishman: "Hi would want a Gatlin' gun hand a regiment hof red-coats with me before Hi would go ten miles hup that river."



One day, while at this place, Mr. Adams and one of the Americans, with some natives, went out for a deer hunt, and had the good luck to get four. When they returned, the American said: "I guess there is no danger, but Mr. Adams will be able to take care of himself as long as his ammunition holds out." He had seen Mr. Adams shoot a running deer at fully three hundred yards.



## CHAPTER IX.

### THE TRIP UP THE GUAVIARE.

ON the third day of April the travelers started away from Atabapo on their perilous journey up the Guaviare, a trip that no white man had ever before attempted, so far as the "oldest inhabitant" of Atabapo knew. They were accompanied until noon by the Englishman and the two Americans. They landed on a low, sandy beach on the south side of the river. Here the jungle came almost to the water's edge, but on the north side of the river there was, as far as the eye could tell, a boundless plain covered with high, coarse grass, with here and there a solitary monster cottonwood, which seemed to stand as a sentinel. After they had partaken of their mid-day meal and were about to separate, the Englishman called Mr. Adams aside and gave him a small revolver and several boxes of cartridges, and told him that he had better carry it well concealed, so that, in case they were captured and their other arms were taken from them, he would still have some means of offense and defense. Mr. Adams thanked him for the thoughtfulness which prompted the gift, and gave him an address, telling that should he ever be in Boston to be sure and call, and he would show him a good time. The Englishman smiled and said, "Hi wish Hi could be as sure hof your being there has my being there." They parted with many good wishes on both sides, the Englishman and the Americans returning to Atabapo and the travelers continuing their journey.





ON THE GUAVIARE RIVER







About the seventieth degree of west longitude, which they reached on the first of May without adventure or accident, they found the river rough and rapid, and many times they were compelled to get out of the canoe, and, wading waist deep in the water, push their boat on up the stream. This was exhausting work, and they would make but a few miles each day. However, after about twenty miles of this rough water they again reached a more level country, and therefore smoother water, and they were able to make better time with a great deal less labor.

One evening, when the sun was setting, they reached the mouth of the Ariari river, which comes into the Guaviare from the north, and were about to land and camp for the night when they saw smoke rising above the tree tops about half a mile ahead. They at once stopped and allowed the canoe to drift back down the river until out of sight of that part of the river where the smoke appeared, and then, guiding their canoe among some overhanging brush which grew on the south bank of the river, they fastened their boat and decided to remain on "board" for the night. Their supper, which consisted of smoked deer meat and nuts, they ate in silence, and feeling secure from observation by the Indians, they both covered themselves up and slept until nearly daylight. As soon as it was sufficiently light, the guide said he would go on shore and work his way through the jungle up the stream, and try and discover if there were any Indians in sight.

Mr. Adams remained in the canoe, and, finding himself alone, gave way to his loneliness in a flood of tears. In the abandonment of his anguish he said to himself, "Would God be with him in his undertaking? Would he accomplish the desired end? Why should man be afraid of his fellows? Did not men prey upon each



other in the enlightened city of Boston? Was there not a constant warfare being waged all over the civilized world, the strong against the weak, until the poor and weaker classes were ground into a slavery of submission in which ambition is destroyed and humanity is rendered more brutal than the herds which roam over the uncultivated acres of the 'money kings' of the country? Oh, that the early training of the masses and of the classes were guided and grounded upon that universal ethical principle called the Golden Rule, what a wonderful change a half-century would make over all the earth."

While he was thus thinking, the guide returned and reported that he had seen four canoe-loads of Indians push out into the river from where they had seen the smoke, and go up the stream, and because of the fact that there did not seem to be any women among them, he thought that they were fighters and were having a war with some other tribe, and that it would be well for them to remain where they were for a few days until they had quieted down; for, he explained, "They eat many prisoners, get very fat, and no do anything for ten days after."

Mr. Adams considered the guide's reasons sufficiently strong, so they set about finding a place where they could effectually hide their canoe. This they did in a small stream coming in on the south side of the river, and where the jungle was most dense and did not seem to have ever been disturbed by man or beast. Here they remained for four days, carefully reconnoitering each day to discover if any Indians were in sight. On the morning of the fourth day they saw four canoes, with a number of Indians in each, and a fifth empty, which was being towed. They came down until they reached the mouth of the Ariari, up which they paddled and were



soon lost to view. That afternoon Mr. Adams and the guide started, and cautiously wended their way towards the west, until they arrived at the seventy-third degree of longitude. Here the river turned sharply to the south and carried them almost to the second degree of north latitude. The first morning after their enforced rest at the mouth of the Ariari river they landed to rest and eat on a strip of low, grassy shore. Here they discovered evidences of a battle between the Indians, and also the horrible remains of their after-battle feast. Mr. Adams was completely overcome by this awful sight, and without eating or resting, they again started on their journey.

When they had reached about the seventy-third degree of longitude, the course of the river was to the south, and in this direction they traveled until they found the course again changed and going directly to the west. Here Mr. Adams decided to leave the river and still travel toward the south, in the hope of soon reaching some branch of the upper Amazon. Here they hid their canoe, leaving in it all unnecessary trappings, the guide very reluctantly leaving his beloved guitar. Fortunately the country through which they decided to go was more an open forest rather than a dense jungle, with here and there wide stretches of grass-covered plain. There was no need for them to suffer for food, for game was plentiful, and edible fruit and roots grew everywhere.

After they had been traveling overland for twenty days, they camped one night in the jungle near an open plain to the east, beyond which was a range of mountains, which they afterwards learned were the Los Amaguas. They had seen no Indians after leaving the river, and, being weary and without fear, they slept soundly until the sun was showing his shining face above the eastern hills. An exclamation from the guide aroused



Mr. Adams, and he awoke to find himself and guide the center of observation of twenty Indians, each dressed in thin trousers which came to the knee, and a broad-brimmed grass hat with a high and pointed crown. They each had a spear and machete. Their hair, which was long and black, was not of that coarse character so often found among the Indians, and it was braided in one piece and allowed to hang down the back.

As soon as Mr. Adams had divested himself of his mosquito netting and stood up, the Indians all fell with their faces to the earth, and in perfect silence remained in this position for two or three minutes, and on Mr. Adams addressing the guide, asking him what this meant, they all stood up, and one of them, addressing the travelers, said: "Come, father; he there." To say that they were astonished to hear even these few words of English spoken in this wilderness, so many hundred miles away from all civilization, is but mildly expressing the truth. Mr. Adams then asked them what they intended to do with them, and they all cried out at once, "No harm; come."

Mr. Adams at once saw the wisdom of complying with the request of the Indians, for resistance was useless, and then, the mildness and earnestness of manner of the Indians assured them that certainly no harm was intended. Mr. Adams then gave them to understand that they wished to have something to eat before starting, and he told the guide to prepare their morning meal, which consisted of venison, wild potatoes, nuts and fruit.

When the Indians saw what was being prepared, several of them started into the jungle, and brought a plentiful supply of ground nut meal, which they carried in leather sacks, and from which they made cakes, and which they toasted before the fire that the guide had made. The travelers had sufficient meat for all, as



they had killed a young buck only the evening before. After they had partaken of a hearty meal, they started, going due south, the Indians carrying Mr. Adams' load, except the gun, which he preferred to take care of himself. They rested at noon-time only long enough to prepare and eat some nut cakes, and about the middle of the afternoon they found the jungle growing more dense, and thus knew that they were approaching a river.

The Indians all this time said nothing to Mr. Adams, and when interrogated would only reply, "Wait." They talked in their own tongue among themselves, and seemed mightily pleased; so much so that frequently they would laugh heartily, something so unusual among Indians that the two travelers became somewhat alarmed, and decided that when they reached the river they would discover the Indians' intentions or refuse to go further.

The sun was still two hours high when they arrived at the banks of the river, where were several large canoes capable of holding many people. Here Mr. Adams and the guide separated themselves from the Indians, and keeping them well in front of them, told them that they would go no further until they knew what was intended. They held their guns so that the Indians would know what was meant, providing they had ever seen such a thing as a gun before. Their actions proved that they had, for they all threw up their hands and said, "No shoot." The Indians then talked among themselves, and seeming to come to a decision, five of them started in a canoe across the river, leaving the other fifteen presumably to act as guards.

After remaining here about an hour, they saw the canoe coming back, and as it approached they were astonished and delighted to see among the Indians a white man with long brown beard and hair, and dressed in coat and pants. As soon as the canoe touched the



shore the white man sprang out, and going at once to Mr. Adams, he held out his hand and said: "Allow me to welcome you as the second white man who has ever had the foolhardiness to be found in this wild and almost inaccessible country. My name is Patrick O'Brian, or, as those untutored and innocent children of the jungle call me, 'the white god,' and I am at your service. Have you friends in these parts that you are going to visit, or are you lost, and wish to find a way out?"

"My name is Adams," said the one addressed, "and I am trying to get to the head waters of the Amazon, and my object in doing so must for the present remain undisclosed; and this is my guide," turning to him who was standing close to his master. "He has accompanied me all the way from Angostura."

"And did you two come all the way up the river from Angostura? I left there over three years ago, and would not go through the same experience again for the whole of South America. But come to the city and be made comfortable, and then you can tell me the story of your trip at your leisure. It is good to see a white face again, and to be able to talk in the natural tongue. I have been trying to teach these heathens to talk civilized language, but it is hard work."

"I am very glad you have," said Mr. Adams; "otherwise we might not have accompanied them so willingly."

Then they all got into canoes, and, going down the river a few hundred yards, they landed on the opposite shore and proceeded up a steep and narrow path. The Indians all went in advance, leaving Pat, Mr. Adams, and the guide to come along at a less tiresome gait.



## CHAPTER X.

### PAT'S HOME AMONG THE INDIANS.

THEY arrived at the gate of the city, for such it proved to be, about sunset, and were accosted by an Indian of herculean build, and with the features of a classic, who, on seeing Pat, at once fell upon his knees and assumed the attitude of a suppliant. This confirmed what Pat had said about being considered "a god" by these people. After addressing himself to Pat, he turned to Mr. Adams, and, bowing his head in graceful humility, addressed him as "the son of the white god." The guide during this time stood like a bronze statue without uttering a word, but as soon as the Indian ceased speaking and motioned for them to enter, he having thrown the gate open, he placed his hand on Mr. Adams' shoulder and said, "Don't go in there, for they will never allow you to get away."

When the Indian saw this he approached the guide in a threatening attitude, but Pat stepped between them, and in a tongue unknown to them he calmed the Indian into peacefulness. Pat then explained to them that the Indian said that the guide should not go into the city; "but," said he, reverting to his native brogue, "be jabers, here is a good place to show the dirty baste that he can't dictate to the 'gods,' and if you will allow me to have that revolver I see sticking out av your bilt I'll tache the big haythen that it's a dangerous trick to say no when the 'white god' says yes."

Having procured the revolver from Mr. Adams, he again addressed the Indian, apparently expostulating with him, but the fellow seemed obdurate. Just then a lean



and hungry-looking dog came sneaking out of the city, which, as soon as Pat saw, he said something to the Indian, and then, pointing to the dog, fired. The animal fell dead without a yelp, and the Indian, falling upon his knees, assured them that the guide could go into the city and would be provided for with the greatest care.

They then all walked through the gate, which the Indian closed and securely bolted, after which he led them through a long narrow street, on each side of which were substantial stone houses, two stories high, the upper story being without a front wall, but capable of being closed at pleasure by a curtain or lattice made of bamboo, and which most of the time, night and day, remained rolled up under the eave. This, Mr. Adams learned, had been the result of Pat's teaching.

After walking fully half a mile due east, as Mr. Adams discovered by consulting his compass, they came to an open park or plaza, on the farther side of which was a large two-story white stone building, oval in form, and enclosing a large court one hundred feet across and two hundred and fifty feet in length. The building itself was forty feet in depth, and had hallways around on both stories on the side nearest the enclosed court, and from these halls, doors opened into rooms which all fronted on the plaza that surrounded the building. Surrounding the whole building were verandas for both upper and lower stories, and all supported by massive stone pillars, those of the lower story being without ornamentation, but the upper ones, which approached the Corinthian type, were exquisitely carved, showing vines, among the leaves of which could be seen birds of various sizes and species, and, as far as Mr. Adams could tell, all true to nature, and not the fantastic imaginings, such as are found in Egypt and India and other Eastern countries.



The roof of this building was flat and covered with large stone flags about half an inch thick and carefully cemented so as to prevent any leaking. On the top of the wall, about every twenty feet, was a cupola or dome-shaped minaret rising above the roof of the main building to a height of fifteen feet, and having but one opening, and that facing the east. This window, or, more properly, door, opened out on a narrow balcony, which completely encircled the tower. The tops of these minarets were covered with sheets of silver beaten almost as thin as paper. Two of these minarets were surmounted by golden crosses, marking the place where Pat had been living during the past three years, and were put there by his express command, and, as he said, "To show the Indians that he was no heathen, but a true Christian." This building was the abode of the priests, or, more properly, the princes, their wives and relatives, the oldest male acting as high priest or king.

Each prince is allowed to have only one wife, and she must have only one son and not more than two daughters, so that if the first-born is a son there are no more children born to these parents, and if the first two children happen to be daughters, the family does not then increase. The daughters of the princes are the artists who do all of the carving in wood, stone, gold and silver, and of the last two there seems to be a great abundance. The princes procure all of the stone for building and ornamentation, as well as the necessary gold and silver for all purposes.

The men of this tribe, for such they can properly be termed, who are not of royal blood, cultivate the fields, where they grow toro, yams, potatoes, arrowroot, and all kinds of tropical fruits. They also do all the hunting and procuring of game, as the princes are strictly forbidden to shed blood. The women prepare the food,



shear the alpaca, and convert the wool into clothing, carpets, tapestry and other fabrics. The unmarried princesses have charge of the children of the whole tribe from the time they are one year old until they are ten, when they are declared free, and all they learn in that time is to be submissive.

Pat's description of a revolt on the part of a number of these children against the old maids was so ridiculously funny that Mr. Adams could not but laugh heartily. In telling it, Pat used the brogue of his boyhood days. He said: "Ye know, the ould maids are always after the little spalpeens, trying to get them to wash their faces and comb their black hair, and divil a thing else do they tache them. So one day about a hundred of the little black-headed divils were playin' in a mud puddle up west of the city, making mud pies and mud balls, which, by the way I tached them meself, when along comes ten of the ould maid teachers, each with a willy switch in her hand. They called to the kids to stop playin' in the mud and form in line at once and march through the city to the lake in the park and wash themselves. I was layin' down in the shade of a big bunch of plantain, takin' me siesta, after havin' given the kidlets their first lesson in pie-makin', and the sour-faced ould bunch couldn't see me; but when I heard them yellin' at the little pie-makers I set up and peered through the leaves to see what might happen. I had not put the little divils up to any mischief, sure, but I just happened to say that if any one of them should be throwin' a mud-ball at a toucan, and it missed the bird and hit one of them tachers in the eye, then there would be trouble.

"Well, now, do you mind, children are all alike the world over, and when these ould maid tachers started yellin' I see the kids get together where they had two



big heaps of mud-balls. I didn't dare come out from behind the plantains, for fear I would spoil the kids' fun, so I just stayed there and watched. When the ould maids had got about twenty feet from the little ones, such a shower of mud you never see before. There wasn't one of them tachers but received two or three of them mud-balls in the eye or mouth, and as they had their mouths open yellin' at the kids, the mud got in their throats, and such a coughin' and a splutterin' I never heard.

"The ould maids were game, and after havin' divested themselves of all superfluous mud they started to charge the young ones. Durin' the coughin' and the splutterin' of the tachers the kids held to their guns and did not waste any ammunition, but when the ould maids charged they were met by another volley of mud-balls, which made it not only impossible for them to see, but rendered them incapable of utterin' any articulate sounds. The kids then retrated in good order to another pile of mud-balls that they had made first; in fact, the same that I had taught them to make, and as they had been lyin' in the sun they were somewhat dry and hard. By this time the opposin' party had coughed up a good lot of the mud that they had swallowed, and picked a handful or two out of each eye, and were ready to charge again.

"They came on in good order until they were within about ten paces of their rebellious pupils, when, by the piper that played before Moses, if them kids didn't send a volley of them dry mud-balls into the ranks of the tachers which would have blinded the army of Bony-part before it was scattered by the Juke of Wellington. The ould maids retrated in wild confusion, and the kids stood their ground. I did think it about time to appear on the scene and stop the battle, but I could not



stand up for laffin', and I was holdin' me sides so hard to keep from burstin', and I was so red in the face I was afraid that if they saw me in that predicament they would not recognize me as the 'white god' any more; so by the powers, I just rolled and laffed till the tears run down me cheeks.

"After a while I composed mesilf, and fearin' that another charge would be made, for these ould maids have got lots of sand, I leisurely sauntered out from me hidin' place with a calm and placid countenance, and placin' me two hands towards the children in the attitude of blessin' them and performin' the same graceful act for the tachers, for I had to keep up the delusion. I told them all to follow me. I led them around by a windin' path down to the river to the south of the city, and commanded them to wash and be clean, and in the future to behave like dacent Indians, and not like dirty haythens."

After leading Mr. Adams and the guide through the park, they stopped at the entrance of an oval building, which they were told to enter. Pat took the lead, and after going up a flight of stone steps they were ushered into an apartment twenty-eight feet long and twenty feet wide, and furnished with every comfort. The floors, which were of stone, were partly covered with exquisitely woven rugs of many colors and patterns. Pat assured them that these people were more civilized than many who lived in America or "even in ould Ireland."

Here are found no poor or needy ones, for all share alike, and all work for the public good, and not for personal aggrandizement. They are, as far as can be learned, a remnant of the Aztecs, for they have a legend which says that their forefathers came from the far north, whence they were driven by people who came from over the seas on fish which had wings. Other









ON THE APOPORIS RIVER



legends, telling of the time when their ancestors lived in great cities, and where they had great oceans on the east and on the west, leave little room for reasonable doubt but that they are descendants of the civilized inhabitants of Mexico and Central America, whom the Spaniard so ruthlessly destroyed. Surely the history of the Spaniard in America reeks with blood and stands as a blot on the name of the nation that dared to arrogate to itself the title of Christian, and that carried the emblem of Calvary among scenes that would put to shame the ferociousness of the hyena of the jungles of "darkest Africa."

These people had built their city on this tongue of land lying between the Macaya and Ajaju rivers, which join just beyond the city to form the Apoporis, which is a branch of the Japura, or, as it is called here, the Caqueta, and this in turn flows into the Amazon. This strip of land seems to have been designed by nature for just such a purpose as these poor Indians have used it, it being a natural fortification. At the eastern point, where the two rivers join, it is a thousand feet above the river and surrounding country, and rises so abruptly that it is utterly impossible to reach the city but by one path until you have traveled west for a distance of twenty miles, where it is again guarded by an abrupt wall of mountains stretching across from river to river, a distance of ten miles.

This whole tongue of land is under cultivation, and produces everything in the way of food that these primitive people need, except the game, which they obtain from the surrounding country and the Los Amaguas mountains on the east. In fact, it was a hunting party who found Mr. Adams and brought him into the city. The rivers also abound in fish, which is a staple article



of diet with them. At the present time they number less than four thousand. They have no firearms, but use spears and stones. Their religion, if it can be dignified by that name, is monotheistic, and they consider the sun the representation of their deity. They believe in a future state, but as to the nature of that future state they have no conception. When asked where they expected to go after death, their reply was, "Beyond the big mountains where the sun goes."



## CHAPTER XI.

### A FIGHT.

A FEW days after their arrival at the city, a number of Indians came in bearing heavy loads, which, when opened, proved to be manufactured tools and implements for working in stone and wood, and also for agricultural purposes. Pat was asked to explain where they got these things, and he told Mr. Adams that they went up the Macaya river as far as they could in canoes, and then over the mountains to a town on the Magdalena river called Purificacion. Here they obtained whatever iron or steel tools they needed, and they gave in exchange gold nuggets, which they obtained from the Macaya.

Their religious ceremonies were conducted every day just at noon in the enclosed court of the oval building. In the center of this court was an immense concave dish made of solid gold, and its upper or concave surface polished so that it took the place of a mirror. Just as the sun was at its zenith the men all filed in through the archway, two abreast and closely marshalled, and, passing the golden mirror, each gave one look at himself, and, passing around, filed out of the same archway through which they had entered. The priest or prince sat on a raised seat to the north of the enclosure, with his hands raised as if in the act of blessing the worshippers as they passed his chair. This is the only act of worship in which they indulged, and the women took no part in it. Surely here the men do not "have religion in their wives' names."



Their code of ethics points always to the future, and no matter what rule they are asked to obey, or what precept to follow, the promise is to the future, when they shall go beyond the big mountain where the sun goes; thus they are held in closest check by the promise of happiness. But there is also the punishment for those who do not follow their ethical code. All such are doomed to die to the east of the circular building, and, dying there, they can never again reach the haven beyond the mountains.

There were no cripples, or blind, or imbecile, or insane among the inhabitants; every one seemed to be able to do the work which was placed before him or her, and they did it with all their might.

One morning, when Mr. Adams awoke, after having been here a week, he noticed a great deal of excitement in the plaza. In a little while Pat came running in and said: "We are about to be attacked by a lot of dirty niggers from over the mountains, and these poor natives don't know how to defend themselves. Allow me to have your rifle and revolver, and maybe you would let that big Indian of yours come along and help these heathens."

The guide had all the time been making his bed at Mr. Adams' door, and he always kept his spear beside him. When he was told what Pat wanted, he caught up his spear, and the look in his eye displayed the semi-savage. Pat and the guide then went down among the Indians, and after some difficulty the Irishman succeeded in getting the men in some kind of order. Pat and the guide then took the lead, the others following. They went in a westerly direction, where the enemy was said to have been seen, and had gone about two miles when a messenger came running to say that the bandits were coming up from the river by the path that Mr. Adams



had been brought. Pat led his troops, as he called them, down the trail, to a point at which it made a sharp turn, and here he commanded them to get under cover and not move until they were told.

He took the guide with him, and, going around a spur of the mountains, succeeded in getting to a place where he had a good view of the trail about one hundred yards below. He had not waited long when the leaders came in sight. Pat at once knew them to be Spanish brigands from over the mountains, who had followed those who had been over to Purificacion, tempted by the gold which these people carried to trade with. Pat had only fifty cartridges for the rifle, which was a 30-30 Winchester, and he knew how to use it. There were one hundred of the brigands, and they must not be allowed to get to the plateau. Pat had chosen a good place, where he could see without being seen, and giving him a view of only about two yards of the trail.

The first man to put his foot on that two yards of trail fell, and the report of the rifle rang out a warning note which was little heeded by the brigands. They came on, and the next to put his foot, or rather his head, in front of the sight of Pat's rifle bit the dust to the tune of another note from the rifle. This was kept up until ten had seen their last sunshine, when Pat said, "Sure, the dirty niggers just seem to want to be shot. I believe the leader of the band is a cowardly dago, and is keeping in the rear to save his skin. By the powers, I'll just wait and let some of them pass my little trap, and try and get a shot at the star actor, and maybe that will put a stop to the play for the audience, which, by the same token, is myself, is getting tired of being the big villain and my name not on the list of stars." He allowed forty of the brigands to pass, and then thought



it about time to tell them that he was still keeping tag on them, and he bowled another over with a well-directed shot.

Pat now went back to where he had commanded the Indians to hide, and found them obeying orders. He picked out fifty of their number, and seeing that each one was supplied with a stone weighing about a pound, in each hand, he gave them instructions to lie down behind a rocky ledge which ran parallel with the trail and about twenty feet above it, and at a signal from him to stand up and deliver a volley at the brigands, and at once drop down again behind the ledge. He then went back to where he had left the guide and found that he had provided himself with a stick of guiacon about four feet long and two inches through, and the gleam in his eye told Pat that there was danger ahead for some one.

Pat now took a look at the two yards of visible trail, and standing there in full view were three of the robbers, evidently holding council. Pat's rifle rang out and another had fallen by the wayside. The other two sprang up the out of view and thus saved themselves a whole skin and a cartridge or two for Mr. Adam's future use.

Pat now crept around the spur where he could command a view of the trail and at the same time see his "troops" and be able to give them the word of command, as he had told them he would. He had been here but a few minutes when the whole of the brigands came in sight on the trail and just below the ledge where the "troops" were lying. Pat gave the expected command and fifty stones crashed among the enemy on the trail leaving not more than twenty standing. The Indians, true to their instructions, had immediately dropped behind the ledge and awaited further orders, when suddenly down the trail below the ledge sprang the guide wielding his "big stick." He flung himself among the discomfited brigands like a



fury and in less time than it takes to tell it, there was not an enemy standing or capable of defending himself. The guide was not satisfied to have them at his mercy, but proceeded to put them beyond the possibility of ever engaging in any further expeditions of the kind in the future.

Pat, who saw that there was no further need of slaughter, called to the guide to desist, and taking his "troops" down to the trail he proceeded to pick out those who were not killed outright. He found forty who were still alive and these he carefully disarmed and had the "troops" carry them up the trail and into the city where, with Mr. Adams' help, they received what necessary attention was possible, and they were then placed in comfortable rooms on the lower floor of the oval building. There were broken arms, legs and heads, besides other more or less severe wounds and bruises from the bullets of the rifle, the stones which were flung by the "troops," and last but not least, by the "big stick" of the guide.



## CHAPTER XII.

### A START.

THAT evening Mr. Adams had a long talk with Pat as to the course they should pursue in the future. They both realized that they had been of great service to the Indians and thought that they might prevail on them to allow them their liberty, as Mr. Adams wished to continue his journey, the object of which he had communicated to Pat. Mr. Adams, however, felt that they should not leave these people without imparting to them a knowledge of the Christian religion. But Pat, who had lived among them for three years and observed their primitive ignorant innocence, had different ideas to those entertained by Mr. Adams. He said, "Ever since I have been here I have noticed that these people observe the golden rule better than they do in America or even in old Ireland. There has not been a murder since I have been here, and as far as I can learn none in the history of the tribe. No one steals, for it would be but stealing from himself. They have all they want and are only waiting for the time to come when they shall go beyond the mountains, there to enjoy forever the delights of the abode of their deity. For the life of me I do not see the difference between their religion and that of my own, which by the way is Roman Catholic.

"Sure we have our Pope who tells us that he is the representative of the deity and whatever he says we must do, whether our conscience tells us it is right or wrong, and here they have their priest or prince who gives them their instructions in matters of ethics and religion, and



by the powers I believe that the heathen has the advantage, for from my own observations the priests are careful not to lay down any laws that are not contained in their code which, as the Presbyterian says, is their 'rule of faith and guidance.' There is not one of the sins as laid down in the whole list that Paul mentions in his letter to the Pope of which these people are guilty. Of course they get their crippled and insane and idiotic and decrepit old men and women out of the way, but they do it in a most humane manner, not letting them suffer in the act of killing. It would not surprise me but this method of dealing with the useless will be advocated by some big college professor or perhaps by some sympathetic and noble-souled woman who has forsaken the humdrum and old-fashioned habits and methods of her female ancestors and has started out to set things to rights in the world, which has almost gone to the dogs because the fair sex has been kept too busy taking care of the young and rising generation to give any attention to the political emancipation of her downtrodden but much adored sisters.

"I tell you, Mr. Adams, it makes me feel badly when I think of such women as the mothers of such men as Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt, to think that they had nothing better to do than to give birth to and train up such boys and make them into such men as they proved to be. After all though, I believe there are yet to be found some good women who are willing to follow the injunctions of the Scripture and become helpsmeet for their husbands, and to be fruitful and multiply and replenish. Sure my poor mother back home in Tralee had many things she taught us that she did not get out of a dime novel, nor out of a book on domestic science, which were the same taught to every child in the country there would be less crime and fewer experimental marriages.



"When my father was inclined to be somewhat exacting, for the best of men are somewhat inclined that way, she would say, 'Now, Barny, dear, you did not marry an angel, and it would not have been well for you if you had, for she would have been trying to bring you up to her standard, which by the way would have been impossible, your wings not having yet started and you nearly forty years old.' And then my father would say, 'Sure, Mary, it's myself did marry an angel, and that same angel has been the salvation of me soul and body, for when the hard times came upon us who cheered me up and gave me courage to face the bitter world but you, and when I was laid up with the fever who nursed me back to health but the wife of me heart. Ah, Mary, all I have and all I am is due to the fact that you are an angel, and the saints give it that I may never disgrace your name or memory.' "

Pat's eyes became dim with tears in thinking of the old home and he was silent for a time. Mr. Adams could not but be amused at Pat's quaint way of expressing himself, but he was at the same time impressed with the deep truth underlying it all.

Mr. Adams during his college days had kept much to himself and had given more or less thought to the social questions which form the very foundation of our national welfare, and had realized how carelessly and inconsiderately these questions were handled by those in authority. The matter, too, of religion with its consolations and restraining influences had been given worse than no attention. He now wondered how it was possible for a man of Professor A——'s erudition to stand before a class of young men and women, most of whom had been brought up in Christian families, and make the statement, without a blush, "Ladies and Gentlemen, we will not have chapel exercises this morning as I am an



infidel." Any man who can live in this world and behold the many evidences of a creative genius and conscientiously say that he is an infidel or an atheist should be placed under constant restraint for fear that he might do some harm to those around him "just by chance."

The next morning Pat and Mr. Adams went to the priest and explained to him that they had an important journey to take, and they asked him if he would allow them to go and also permit some of the Indians to carry them in canoes up the Macaya river as far as it was navigable for that kind of a craft. At first he refused, but Pat's eloquence prevailed and he gave his consent for them to go with an escort of ten Indians, on Pat's assurance that he would return as soon as the object of their journey was accomplished. They busied themselves for the next ten days getting ready for the trip, in the meantime giving the necessary attention to the wounded brigands. Seven had died from their injuries and were burned, beyond the Macaya river, as had been those who were killed during the fight. The remaining thirty-three were, as soon as able to travel, to be escorted to the summit of the mountain overlooking the valley of the Magdalena river, with the promise that they would never come that way again.

The canoes which these people use are logs of mahogany or a tree much resembling the teak. These are sharpened at both ends and hollowed out to a thin shell and are capable of carrying very heavy loads and as they draw very little water they are admirably adapted for river travel.

The Macaya river before it joins the Ajaju runs through a stretch of country for over two hundred miles, most of which is covered with the most dense jungle of which it is possible to conceive. Once in a while the travellers would come into an open space where for



several miles there would be a treeless plain, and here they found plenty of game. Pat had possessed himself of a splendid Snyder rifle, belonging to one of the dead brigands, with fifty rounds of ammunition, and he was careful not to waste any of it. The river abounded in fish and the guide was an expert in securing them with his spear.

Thus they travelled on and on for twenty-eight days when they reached the farthest point that they could go with the canoes.

During the whole trip Mr. Adams, Pat and the guide occupied one of the canoes which was propelled by three of the Indians, the other seven being in the foremost canoe. They had arranged an awning over the center of Mr. Adams' canoe so as to shield the travellers from the hot sun, for they were not more than fifty miles from the equator on starting. After they had gotten well started Pat gave Mr. Adams an account of his residence in this strange country so far away from his native land.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### PAT'S STORY.

HE had been born in Tralee and was intended for the priesthood and had therefore received a liberal education, but not being able to believe that the human head of the Roman Catholic church was infallible he could not conscientiously take the vows necessary for the holy calling. He then came over to America and began studying the social problems and conditions in that country. To put it in his own words, he said:

"I found the social life in America like a good orange tree that had been fertilized by the pollen from some wild and bitter tree and the fruit was not good to look upon nor yet was it good to eat. Politics ruled everything and the political bosses were ruled by the worst element or were that worst element themselves. The women think more of clubs and cards than they do of caring for the few children they permit themselves to possess. From my own observations and from what I have been told by the leading physicians in all the large cities I have visited, I believe there are more murders in America in one week than there have been in Ireland during the last fifty years. I believe that pre-natal influences are at the bottom of the production of such monsters as Hayward and Holmes, and a host of others I could mention. I wished to get away where I might find conditions that were not so completely covered up by artificiality. I went to Mexico, where I found the people given over to a reprobate mind, being without God and without hope in the world, as the Scripture has it. I



believe that the early teaching of the 'Church' has been partly to blame for this condition as it was so permeated with commercialism and conquest that the true ethics of the religion were never grasped or understood. I travelled on through Central America until I came to Panama. Here I found that the French had overrun the whole place and instead of having been a benefit to the half-breeds they had conveyed to the poor devils all of the horrors of civilization without any of its advantages.

"The population is an ollapodrida of Indian, African, Spanish, French, English and American, and possessing all of the acerbity, malevolence and venom of their combined ancestors and having nothing in their mental or moral make-up that might be considered altruism, benevolence or honesty. The Chinaman is here and under the benign (?) influence of such a civilization has forgotten even the moral teachings of the ethical code of Confucius, and to-day the poor exotic from the land of the rising sun is scarcely above the three-toed tapir which wanders through the swamps of the jungle.

"They have churches and a form of worship in Panama and Colon; but that they appreciate its significance I seriously doubt. Even the priests with whom I talked seem only to understand the prefatory duties which they are called upon to perform and have not grasped the essence of the religion they profess to believe and teach. From Colon I started out with some Englishmen who were going up the Orinoco river to search out rubber trees. There was one American on the steamer that carried us to San Fernando, but he became so unpopular in consequence of his braggadocia and his vociferous insistence on his unbelief and his quotations from "The Philistine" that the rest of the company fairly



froze him out, and when we got to Angostura he decided he would go no further.

"I remained in San Fernando for six months, making myself acquainted with the conditions that prevailed and also making a visit occasionally about forty miles up the river among a tribe of Indians that lived there in simplicity and peacefulness. I studied their language and that is why I was able to converse with your guide. One of these Indians became attached to me because of some trifling favor I did for him and afterwards would not leave me. So after, as I said, about six months myself and my man Friday, for so I called him, started down the river Apure in a canoe which we had made, until we came to the main river, and up this we travelled until we arrived at Santa Barbara, which is about two hundred miles below or to the north of where the cassiquiare river joins the waters of the Orinoco with those of the Amazon.

"Here we remained two months, but really spent most of our time in a beautiful range of mountains which lie just north of the village. I had brought a plentiful supply of quinine, but almost every Indian village that we saw was a sad drain upon that supply. I could not see the poor wretches suffering with fever and not give them some when I knew how much good it would do them. Here among the hills north of Santa Barbara I found the cinchona tree growing to a perfection almost as great as among the ranges of the Andes. I collected a large supply of the bark and took it into the village, where I instructed the natives how to prepare it for use. After two months we again started up the river, and, getting into the Cassiquiare, we had like to remain there, for though I had seen jungle in plenty before, I had never realized what nature could do when all the conditions are suitable."



## CHAPTER XIV.

### ON THE CASSIQUIARE.

"THE ground is almost all low and swampy, with here and there a hillock. Game was here in the greatest plenty; deer of three different kinds, wild hogs, peccary, and water fowl. I need only mention the animals that were good to eat; but we had a little adventure here that compels me to speak of an animal which came very near putting a sudden stop to our journey. We had started out early in the morning and paddled slowly up the river until about ten o'clock, when we stopped to avoid the midday heat. After securing the boat to the bank, we cut our way through the tangle of vines and ferns to a bit of higher ground, and after clearing away a space sufficiently large, we proceeded to hang our hammocks, after which I covered up my head with mosquito netting and turned in, intending to get some sleep.

"Friday, after getting his hammock adjusted, started out with his spear to get some fish. He had scarcely gotten out of sight when I was borne to the earth, hammock and all, by some soft, furry beast alighting full on my head and chest. I grappled with it, and screamed for help. The Indian, who was fortunately but a few yards away, sprang to my assistance, when he was pounced upon by the mate of the one with which I was struggling. Friday, borne to the ground by the sudden weight of the animal, uttered no sound, but caught the beast by the throat with his left hand, his right arm being in the grasp of the animal's jaws. His antagonist was soon forced to open its mouth, when the Indian



seized his machete with his liberated hand, and with one terrific blow he almost severed the head and left shoulder of the beast from its trunk, and at once came to my assistance.

"In the meantime the animal that had attacked me had sunk its teeth in my scalp and had my chest fearfully lacerated with its hind claws, while I had it clasped tightly around the body trying to break its back, and I had one of its forepaws in my mouth, and was biting for all I was worth. Friday, with one blow of the machete, secured my release and accomplished the death of the panther, for such it proved to be. He then told me to remain still while he got some medicine to stop the bleeding, which was very profuse. He then disappeared into the jungle, but returned in a few minutes with the leaves of a plant resembling the aloe.

"He scarified a leaf and allowed the sap to run freely over my wounds, which soon stopped the smarting as well as the bleeding, after which he attended to his own lacerations in the same way. He then cut a small lace bark tree and proceeded to prepare a cloth with which to dress our wounds. After this was accomplished he again set out with his spear to secure some fish, and when I told him to rest a while, he replied that his arm would be stiff and sore in a little time, so that he would not be able to catch fish. It was not long before he returned with several fine fish and an animal resembling a rat, but very much larger. These he cooked, after having slung my hammock and gotten me comfortably fixed therein.

"We remained here two weeks before I was able to travel, and I never had a better nurse than that poor, uncivilized savage. When we again launched our canoe out on the waters of the Cassiquiare, we found that the current which had been flowing towards the Orinoco was



now flowing towards the Rio Negro. This at first frightened Friday, but I told him that this was known to be a usual thing, and that there was nothing unnatural about it, and he was then satisfied. These poor children of nature look upon everything unusual with superstitious awe, and having little knowledge of natural laws, are in the habit of attributing everything of that nature to some supernatural cause. And by the powers, there are those who are educated and live in civilized countries who are not much better off in this respect than the Indians. If they spill some salt at the table they are surely going to have bad luck, and if a magpie flies across the road ahead of them, from left to right, bad luck is sure to follow. And how many there are who will not begin any piece of work on Friday, because they believe it to be an unlucky day!

"Well, when we found the river going in the direction that we wished to travel, all we had to do was to allow the boat to 'go with the tide' and steer clear of any obstacles which might happen in the way. We rested every day for two hours, and, of course, every night, and as there was no one waiting for us at the other end, we did not start out very early in the morning, and we quit pretty early in the evening. Oh, the beauties of nature and the wonderful lessons to be learned from the brooks and the trees and the flowers. Shakespeare has put it:

"'And this our life exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

"Even the great Author of the universe, when He had finished the work, pronounced it 'good.' To one who wishes to get away from the abode of civilization where 'only man is vile,' there is no place, so far as I know, where so little of that vileness can be detected as in the



country through which I have been traveling and in which I have been living for the past four years. The ravages of civilization are here unknown. Here the primitive inhabitant worships in 'God's first temples,' and if I may judge by the simplicity and sincerity of that worship, I cannot but come to the conclusion that the Supreme Being has greater delight therein than in any perfunctory form, even though the priest may be arrayed in cope and stole, in scarlet and fine linen, and the congregation be hemmed in by walls of marble and be surrounded by saints of jasper or onyx.

"It is a luxury to live in these jungles that is unknown to the civilized races of Europe, Asia and America. The atmosphere is surcharged with song and sunshine, or with the music of the dripping rain as it falls from leaf to leaf, and this brings out, as nothing else will, the chirp of the small bird and the chatter of the innocent and interesting marmoset. And then the sunshine after the rain, when everything seems to grow under your eye, and the yellow tulip-shaped bloom of the gigantic cottonwood, the color of which is intensified by the scarlet blossom of some of the many vines which cling to this monster of the forest, all go to make one feel that this decoration is for some purpose. Surely here the great Architect has beautified the 'works of His hand'?

"Flocks of parrots arrayed in scarlet and yellow and green, toucans, their somber black brightened by touches of yellow and red, even the beak of this wonderful bird being decorated with the most beautiful colorings of orange, green, red and black. Here also countless troops of monkeys, of almost every species known to man, keep the forest ringing with their laughter, and the traveler interested and amused with their agility and their trickery. Ah. Mr. Adams, this civilization of ours is certainly a delusion and a snare, for everything sacred is



being changed to suit the times which are constantly changing. It tempted me to wish that the river would flow on forever.

“The greater the degree of luxury of a people or nation, the further they get away from the true object of life and living. I’m thinking that it will be a long time before the millenium arrives, unless the yellow race is used to punish the white, as the Persians punished the Jews of old for their disobedience.”









A MAHOGANY TREE



A JUNGLE SCENE



## CHAPTER XV.

### PAT'S FIRST INTRODUCTION TO A HOSTILE TRIBE.

"WE floated down until we came to where the Cassiquiare empties into the Guaima, and this we followed until we came to the Rio Negro, or Vaupes, as it is called from this point. Our course now lay due west, and through the most beautiful and fruitful country, I dare to say, that it has ever been the fortune of any white man to traverse. Here on the south side of the river we found a tribe of Indians calling themselves 'the Macu'; another, the 'Taratana'; and still farther up the river and on the same side the 'Juri.' On the north side we found two tribes, the 'Canieri' and the 'Uariquena.'

"All of these tribes are on occasion cannibals, of which we had many proofs; in fact, I thought at one time that we were likely to figure at one of their feasts as the chief viands. We had been travelling on the Vaupes for twenty-five days, when one morning about ten o'clock we saw a number of Indians standing on a strip of beach which seemed to be the best landing-place near, and we decided to land, hoping that these wild men of the forest were like all those with whom we had heretofore come in contact.

"Our canoe had scarcely touched the shore, when we were surrounded by these naked savages. They were tall, well-built men, standing about five feet ten inches without socks, and probably weighing in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy pounds stripped. They were broad-shouldered and deep-chested, with well-



moulded and muscular limbs. Their faces were cruel to the last degree; their noses pointed and straight; their mouths large, the upper lip being full and having a flabby appearance; their chins were narrow, sharp and receding; their forehead seemed to extend to the very top of their heads, and to this point were perfectly bald, the remainder of the head being covered with coarse black hair, which they had braided in one braid, and this hung down their backs, reaching nearly on a level with their hips. They carried bows and arrows and also poisoned arrows and tubes.

"We were invited to disembark by one of these gentry, who seemed to be the only one capable of articulate speech, for the others stood like dummies waiting for us to get on shore. I told Friday to tell them that we did not need an escort, and had not expected a reception committee; in fact, to say that we were not prepared for any social function, particularly if it necessitated a dress suit. After Friday had completed his speech, they looked at us in greater amazement than ever, and by their gesticulations directed us to follow them.

"Now, we had no intention of making social calls before noon, and this we tried to make clear to our insistent friends, but they did not understand, or, understanding, they had plans for us of their own which they considered of paramount importance to any we might have, and they made it very plain to us that if we did not wish to follow, it would be their pleasure as well as duty to drive us. We did not at once enter heartily into their plans, having some of our own; in fact, we objected to the extent that I took my 'Savage,' and, pointing it at the one who seemed to be the leader, I made it very plain to him that there would be something serious happen if they continued in insisting on our breaking up our plans or changing them so that they might accord with what they considered their duty or pleasure.



"Suddenly Friday called to me, and, pointing up to the branches of a large tree, told me to look. On looking up, I saw an enormous sloth. I at once took deliberate aim and fired, and the animal fell almost at our feet. The Indians dropped their bows and arrows and fell upon their knees, and, as far as we could learn, begged us not to harm them and they would not harm us. I told them in my own old Gaelic tongue that all we wanted was to be left alone and to be allowed to continue our journey, and I also expressed the hope that I would never have the opportunity of seeing their faces again. They had the good manners not to interrupt me while I was making my speech, but when I had finished they all broke out talking, and such a language you never heard. Pointing to the sloth and then to the jungle, I endeavored to make them understand that I wanted them to go, but they made it very plain to us that they were not going without us.

"After talking with Friday as to the best thing to do under the circumstances, we decided to submit to the inevitable rather than have a scene; so I motioned for the leader to go on, and we would follow. This they seemed to understand, and then some of them tied the legs of the sloth together, and by using a long pole they slung it on their shoulders and we all started in a southerly direction. The trail was wide and smooth, and gave evidence of being used a great deal, and for this we later had reason to be thankful.

"Before leaving the canoe I had taken all the ammunition I could well carry in my pockets, and had Friday do the same, and all offers from the Indians to carry my gun were politely refused in my own native Gaelic tongue, it being more expressive on certain occasions than any other with which I am at all acquainted. We traveled along at a pretty good pace until the sun had



reached the zenith, when I made it plain to the committee that a little rest would be acceptable. They did not seem to think it at all necessary, but as Friday and I had laid down they had to either wait or go on alone, the latter of which would have suited us.

"After we had rested about an hour the leader informed us that he thought we had better be going, if we wished to reach our destination before dark. I concluded that perhaps it would be more comfortable to make our entrance into the presence of the rest of the tribe during the hours of sunlight, so that in case of necessity we would have some knowledge of the lay of the land. After I had come to this conclusion there was no further delay caused by the unwilling guests. About an hour before sunset we arrived in sight of the village, or, more properly, city, for the houses were all of a rather substantial character, being built of bamboo posts set deeply in the earth and thatched with palm leaves.

"The north and east sides were interwoven with vines and then plastered over with mud, which kept out the wind, and the broad eaves sheltered the walls from the rain.

The other two sides were open, and had no protection whatever from the wind. The reason for this style of architecture is that the storms all come from the north or east, and during the fine and dry season the prevailing winds are from the south or west, principally the latter. The city is a perfect circle, the king's house, which is round, being in the centre, and streets lead out from this to the circumference like the spokes of a wheel running from the hub to the rim.

"Without any preliminaries we were conducted to the king's abode in the heart of this strange jungle city, and in a somewhat informal way introduced to his majesty.



He was seated on a llama skin rug in the center of the house, surrounded by his wives, ten in number. He was certainly a splendid specimen of manhood, so far as physical appearance was concerned. He was a powerful man, and must have weighed two hundred pounds. His hair was dressed as was that of those who had acted as our reception committee, but his face expressed more intelligence as well as more ferociousness. The only adornment he had was an immense bracelet set with magnificent emeralds, twelve in number.

"The women wore their hair braided in two braids and hanging down their backs, and the front of their head was not so bald as was that of the men. Their features were regular and somewhat of a Caucasian type, but one could not fail to see the cruel nature stamped on every face, whether male or female. When we had been presented to the king, he stood up and made quite a lengthy speech, not one word of which could either of us understand.

"When he ceased, I thought it my time, as turn about is fair play, so I started in with my speech, first in English, and talked for about ten minutes, telling them where I had come from, and where I hoped to get; after a while I concluded that I had better repeat, and I did so in Gaelic, then in Spanish, and I finally wound up with some Greek and Latin phrases that I had not forgotten since my college days. I then told Friday to make a speech in his native tongue, which he did in splendid style. I saw that his gesticulations and wonderful flow of language were having their effect upon the old man, and I said to Friday, 'Keep it up if it kills you, and when you get out of breath I will take another turn at it.'

"We kept them listening for a while, and we soon had quite a large audience, for the news that a new



kind of man had been found soon penetrated to every part of the city, and they all did the same as the people of Cork or Dublin would do if you should take one of these heathens there. Finally the king became tired of this talk, of which he did not understand one word, and after he had spoken to our guards we were led off to the outskirts of the city and lodged in a new house that had not as yet had an occupant, it not being completely finished.

"Before the guards went to sleep I made them understand that we were hungry, and must have something to eat. One of their number went off, and after a little while returned with a large gourd-shell full of a kind of sweetened porridge, which was not unpalatable. This we ate with our own spoons that we always carried with us, they not having the decency to furnish us with those very necessary articles. They had not taken my gun from me, nor had they taken anything from my man Friday, so we felt ourselves safe as yet. We were given hammocks to sleep in, and I took the precaution to tie my gun fast to my wrist in case they should attempt to steal it during the time that I slept.

"We were awakened next morning, about an hour after sunrise, and therefore about seven o'clock, by one of our guards, and our breakfast set before us, which consisted of fish and strips of smoked turtle, with a bowl of the same kind of porridge as we had had for supper. After having eaten this, we were led before the king, and he then made a careful examination of both of us. My beard seemed to arouse his curiosity more than anything else. He seemed to think it was false, and to test this he caught hold of a bunch on my jaw and gave a hard tug; this was more than I could stand, and I bowled his majesty over with one on the under side of his jaw.



“He then gave some orders, and I soon discovered that they were going to strip me. This was more than I bargained for, and all the women looking on; of course, they wore no clothes themselves, but that was no reason why I should expose myself, or allow them to expose me; so I said, ‘Now, hands off!’ and I said it so that they knew that I meant it, for the two wretches who had been detailed to do the stripping act were soon sprawling about ten feet away, one from a blow on the nose which ‘made the claret flow,’ and the other I’ll warrant you felt as if he had a bad attack of appendicitis, if a pain in the pit of the stomach is any indication of that malady.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE ESCAPE.

"I THEN told Friday that we would have to make a break to get back to the canoe, for while I was standing there I saw the remains of what the king had had for his breakfast, and as sure as I'm here, if it was not the bones of a human he had been picking. Friday told me he was ready, and when I would give the signal he would start in a northeasterly direction, and when they were all excited about his running away I should take the direct path to the river and the canoe, and said, 'He kill before take.' By this time the two who had made the attempt to strip me had recovered, and at the command of the king came towards me, and, keeping at a respectable distance, made signs for me to hand them my gun.

"I then told Friday to run, which he did, but not before knocking one of the Indians over by a blow from his spear. Immediately all was confusion, in the midst of which I started for the river at full speed, and as I was something of a sprinter when I was in college, I was well towards the outside of the city before I had many followers. I ran as I had never run before, for I could see constantly before my eyes the remains that the king had left from his breakfast, and I felt sure that I was intended for just such a purpose. Now, these Indians were pretty good runners, but I am free to say that if my wind had held out they would never have gotten near enough to me to get into the trouble they did, and it hurts me to this day to think that I



had to stop several of them with bullets from my 'Savage' before they decided to refrain from following.

"I reached the boat about noon, and Friday was only a short time behind me; but the poor fellow was limping. He said that one of the Indians had shot an arrow at him while he was still in the city, and it had struck him in the foot, but that he had pulled the arrow out as he ran, and succeeded in getting away from all but one, who had gained on him, and at last he had to stop him with his spear. We quickly got into the canoe, and, crossing over to the other side of the river, we lost no time in paddling up the stream in order to get as far away as possible from the landing before they could come within shooting distance.

"I knew that if we got about a mile up the river they would not be likely to follow us, as they had but one road to the river, and the beach on which we had landed when we were captured, and as the beach did not extend up the river more than a quarter of a mile, and above that the bank was high and abrupt and covered to the very edge with so dense a jungle that it would take hours for a man to get through a mile of it. We cautiously approached the next stretch of beach on the south side, for fear there might be other Indians there, but we were agreeably disappointed to find no trace of human beast.

"As night approached, we paddled the canoe up a deep but narrow igarape on the north side of the river, and finding a convenient spot, we camped, but were careful not to build any fire, for fear there might be Indians in the neighborhood; and, truth to say, I had had enough of them for a day or two; but I have noticed that the Indians here, unlike those of North America, seldom, if ever, go out during the night, probably because they do not care to be devoured by the mosquitoes, and besides,



they believe that the bites of insects is what makes them sick. The next morning we paddled out on the river and carefully scrutinized both banks, but saw no trace of enemies, for such I now considered all Indians until they proved themselves of a different character.

"This day we took very little rest at noon for two reasons: First, because we wanted to get away as far as possible from the scene of our late captivity; and, second, because the day was cloudy, and we did not suffer so much from the heat. When night came, on the north side of the river there was a treeless plain from the bank of the river extending as far as the eye could reach, and having a frontage on the river of about two miles, while on the south side was the same terrible yet grand and wonderful jungle.

"The plain on the north side was covered with coarse grass almost as high as a man's head, and through the center of it ran a beautiful stream of water as clear as crystal and teeming with fish of numerous kinds, and, strange to say, not an alligator or turtle in sight. At first I did not understand this, but I afterwards learned that these beasts like the muddy water, as they are better able to catch fish where the water is not clear. We went up this stream about half a mile, and just after sunset I succeeded in bagging a splendid specimen of red deer.

"Friday caught some nice fish, and we then started for the other side of the big river, where we could have facilities for hanging our hammocks and preparing our food. We soon found a narrow igarape, up which we paddled for a distance of a hundred yards, and here we located our camp in a beautiful spot surrounded by dense jungle. We saw no trace of any human being, and as that was the only animal of which we had any



fear, we remained here for ten days, smoking deer meat and drying fish for future use, for we did not know when the supply would become insufficient.

"At the expiration of the ten days we again embarked and worked our way up the river, taking our time and caring not if we made one mile or five during the day. Occasionally we would have a storm, which would almost invariably come from the east, and the rain would descend in torrents and the surface of the river would be lashed into foam by the force of the wind, and the trees of the jungle would moan as if in pain, and all animal life would be still as if it were listening to the complaint of the forest.

"Nature in her angry moods terrified poor Friday so that he would crouch and tremble like a wounded bird when it is about to be seized by the hand of the hunter. To me these storms gave some conception of the power and majesty of the wonderful personality who governs the universe, and without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls to the ground.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE BLUE-EYED INDIANS.

"WE had been traveling twenty days since our last camping, when, pushing out of our hiding-place where we had spent the night, we discovered a canoe with five Indians in it. I at first thought they were white men, for they had light hair, some almost red, some golden, and some shading into a light brown. They were but a few yards away when we first saw them, and so it was useless to try to avoid a meeting. They approached until they were alongside our canoe, when I discovered that while they were certainly Indians, they had not only light hair, as has already been observed, but they had blue eyes; and, furthermore, they were not naked, as all the others had been.

"They were short in stature, but of great muscular development. The skin was copper-colored, the nose was of the aquiline type, the mouth well formed and anything but cruel. They did not have their hair braided, as had all the other Indians with whom I had previously come in contact; but it showed evidence of having had some attention, for it was not matted, but hung loosely down their backs, being prevented from falling over their faces by a thin, narrow band of gold which passed over the front of the head down to and behind the ears.

"I addressed them first in English, and their good-natured-looking faces made me feel somewhat in the way myself. I said, 'Well, boys and girls, or boys or girls, how are you this beautiful morning?' They









A TATTOOED INDIAN



looked at each other and laughed outright, but said nothing. I then told Friday to try his native tongue on them, which he did with as little success as I with my English. The only thing left, to my notion, was pantomime, so I attempted to tell them that we were going up the river as far as we could in the canoe.

"Then one of their number began to talk and gesticulate, and, pointing to the east, where the sun had risen, and to the west, where that luminary would set, he held up both hands with the fingers spread apart and dropped them to his side, and again raised them up as before. This he did five times, and I took it to mean that we had fifty days' journey ahead of us; but what they considered a day's journey might, and probably would, mean four or five to us.

"The strangest part of the matter was that I seemed to be able to follow to some extent his speech, so as to get some meaning out of it, when suddenly I discovered that many of the words that he used were very much like words in my own native Gaelic. Of course, the pronunciation was not according to the way I had been taught, but then, I argued, may not the Indian have the right, and I the wrong, pronunciation? I then addressed them in Gaelic, and while they were not able to understand all I said, they understood sufficient to let them know what I meant. Here was a surprise to me, for certainly the language of these men indicated that they and I had a common language, if not a common ancestry, in the not greatly remote past. The fact that their complexion differed from that of all other tribes of which I had any knowledge, led me to believe that they were the offspring of some band of Scotch or Irish who had found their way into these wilds before the discovery of America by Columbus.



"They told us that they had been down the river after alligators' eggs, and were returning home, which was not far up the stream. They seemed so pleasant and mild-mannered, and besides, I could converse with them so as to be understood, that I concluded the best thing for us to do was to accompany them to their home, which we accordingly did. This was where we were self-invited guests. We arrived at their landing about noon, and had about three miles of a walk through the jungle, when there burst upon our view a sight I shall never forget.

"Here was a treeless plain sloping gently to the north and west, dotted all over with the most wonderful bamboo cottages, and on the east side of each cottage was a grove of from one to two hundred fruit trees. This was on the north side of the river. There did not seem to be anyone moving about, and I asked our host if they were the only people who lived here. They told me that the others were taking their noonday rest. Far away to the north could be seen a range of mountains, which was a splendid setting for the foreground of cultivated fields and multitudinous orchards, beneath which snuggled the neat and dainty bamboo cottages resembling toy houses on a large scale. I felt that here certainly was that Utopia for which all have longed and many sought.

"They gave me to understand that they would first take me to their chief, who would provide for our comfort while we wished to remain their guests. After passing a number of cottages, we at last arrived in front of a more pretentious edifice than any of those we had passed, and we were then told to be seated on the ground until the chief should come out from his sleep, which would be very soon.

"While waiting, I took the occasion to count the dwell-



ings that were in sight, and I made it four hundred and thirty. I had scarcely finished counting when the chief came out and stood on the threshold. The Indian who had remained as a guard, as I supposed, now pushing his band of gold back over the top of his head, seemingly as a mark of respect, addressed the chief in the most pleasant tone, and informed him where they had found us, and also told him that the 'white man' could talk some of their language. The chief then addressed himself to me, and I gathered from what he said that we were welcome, but that we must not attempt to enter any house unless by his permission. I took off my hat while he was speaking, for his manner commanded respect.

"When he had finished speaking he came up to me and placed his right hand over my heart and took my right hand and placed it over his heart, and this I afterwards learned was meant to indicate that he would protect me, but I was also in duty bound to protect him if occasion required. He told us that he would give us a room in his house, where we could sleep and eat, and that we might stay as long as we wished. These people were living a most simple, harmless, pastoral life. I lived among them for three months, and never did I see one angry at another, and their simplicity and innocence were something I had never even dreamed of in my greatest flights of fancy. The men wore skirts plaited in many folds, made from the inner bark of the lace bark tree, and it did not require much of an imagination to see in it the kilt skirt of the Highlander.

"The women wore long skirts of the same material, but dyed in different colors, black and yellow predominating. The upper part of their bodies they covered with a scarf worn in almost the same way as the Scotchman wears his plaid. They dress their hair much



the same as the men, but the gold band is set with emeralds. They wore bracelets of beaten gold, on which were carved splendid representations of flowers and trees. They had never seen a white man before, although they had a tradition that many years ago there had come from over the western mountains men with a white skin with their faces covered with hair, who had taken all their gold and had brutalized their women.

"Surely here was evidence of the cruel and blood-thirsty Spaniard, leaving wherever he went a memory of infamy and loathing. On the mountains to the north they herded many hundreds of llamas. They cultivate yams, potatoes, toro, two kinds of cassiva, oranges, guava, limes, cachew, and a fruit very much resembling the sugar apple. Nuts of many kinds are found in their orchards. They have three kinds of fowls that they have domesticated, one of which very much resembles the turkey, except that it has a head more like a peacock surmounted by a top-knot of bright red feathers, but the flesh is very good to eat, especially when properly cooked.

"When I went among them they would cut the raw flesh off and roast it over the coals. I constructed an oven of mud and stone, and taught them how to dress the bird and cook it, and they were so delighted with the flavor that I had like to never have gotten away from them, being constituted their official chef. The women do nothing but look after the children and make the clothes for themselves and the children and the men of their household. They have a marriage ceremony, and each man has only one wife. If a man lives to be twenty years old and is not then married, he has to go out to the mountains as a herder for the llamas, and there remain until he dies.

"I made several excursions out into the mountains,



and found the cinchona tree reaching a very much greater size than I had seen it elsewhere. I showed the Indians the tree, and taught them its use, for which they seemed very grateful, as they were terribly afflicted with malaria; in fact, there was very little else that ever ailed them. Some of the Indians were evidently very old, for in many of the homes there would be found four or even five generations, the oldest son always remaining in the old home, while the others were compelled to go out and build for themselves.

"There was always plenty of ground, and, as it could be had without cost, there was no dispute; but each man, when he got married, went out and chose for himself, and as only one marriage was allowed in one day, there was no rush for the most desirable location, such as has been witnessed many times in America, when the former possessor of the land has been driven by the necessities of civilization into constantly narrowing limits.

"The chief collects no tax because he is chief, but rather pays for his position by frequently losing part of his midday sleep when a couple desires to be made one. Their conduct is governed by nothing less than the unformulated golden rule, and this I have found to be the case among almost all uncivilized people with whom I have come in contact; and it is lived up to with greater care than among those calling themselves civilized or even Christianized.

"They rested and worshipped one day in every twenty-eight, and that was on the day of the full moon. On the morning of this day, when the sun arose it found every man, woman and child who was not too sick to go out, assembled in the large central park, where kneeling on the ground, they placed their foreheads to the earth and remained in this position while the orb of day was coming above the horizon. As soon as the full



disk of the sun was in full view, they all arose, and, turning their faces to the west, they began to chant in a not unpleasant tone something to this effect, as near as I could get it: 'We are thy children; give us light that we may see and know thy glories; save us from the enemies who live where darkness ever lasts; pity thou our aged ones and give them easy death, and then sunshine all the time; protect us from the great wind which cometh out of thy mouth, and may it not carry away all our crops. We are thy children; love us as we love each the other, and so deal with us as we deal one with the other.'

"After chanting this over two or three times, they would all go to their homes and remain inside without eating until nearly sundown, when the men would all come out bearing in their arms a load of the fruit of their labors, in the shape of vegetables, nuts, fruit and fowls, and these they would put in one immense pile and burn while the sun was sinking behind the western hills, and then, with downcast eyes and not uttering a word, they would return to their houses and remain in until the next morning, when their work would be resumed.

"I could not for the life of me tell them that they were traveling the wrong road if they ever expected to get to a happy hereafter. In fact, I can't get myself to believe that a just Judge and a sympathetic Father could condemn these simple children of nature to a place of punishment or banishment simply because they had no temple built by hands in which to worship, because they had no prayer-book written in a language that they did not understand. It outrages all my feelings in regard to the Divine purpose of creation. I only wish I were as sure of future bliss as are these Indians, whose simplicity and sincerity of worship might well



teach a valuable lesson to those who go to confession every month and during the intervening time play at high finance where the weaker go to the wall.

“Well, after being there three months and giving them what instruction I could, so that their life might be more comfortable, Friday and I started up the river again, followed by the regrets and good wishes of the whole tribe, numbering in all over three thousand souls. They told us that there was another tribe of Indians about four days’ journey up the river and on the south side, calling themselves ‘Juri,’ who were ordinarily harmless so far as persons were concerned, but that they were great thieves, and lived principally on what they stole from the other tribes, living up and down the river, as they were too lazy to do any work. This warning we took advantage of, and when we got in the neighborhood of these thieves we took an all-night journey, and so got past them without an interview.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### CAPTURED.

"FIFTEEN days after we had left our blue-eyed friends we were interviewed by a large canoe full of the most degraded-looking Indians I have ever seen. Their hair was long, coarse, black and matted, as if they had never given it the least attention. They wore heavy rings of gold, hung in holes pierced in the lobes of their ears, and the weight of these rings had dragged this part of the ear down so that the rings rested on their shoulders. Their cheeks were high and prominent, the mouth large and brutal, the nose large, broad and somewhat flat, giving one the idea that there must be some African blood in their veins. Their skin was dark brown, their arms excessively long and muscular, their legs short and stout, and the abdomen large and protuberant.

"They carried spears made of the guiacon, sharpened at both ends and weighing at least fifteen pounds. As soon as they saw us they came rapidly in our direction, and we feared that they would run into our canoe, and we made signs for them to keep at a distance; but they did not seem to heed us until when we expected that they would run bow on into the broadside of our canoe, they suddenly, and with a dexterity most surprising, brought their canoe alongside of ours, so that they lay touching each other. They then laid hold of the gun-whale of our canoe, and began to talk, not one word of which did either Friday or myself understand.

"By making signs I endeavored to make them understand that we were going on up the river, and did not



care for any entertainment, as we were visiting the country in an unofficial capacity, and while we were ready to believe everything they said, still we had some ideas of our own as to what was the best course to pursue; and I indicated to them that nothing would please me better than to have them take their dirty hands off our boat and allow us to continue our journey in peace and quietness.

"Whether they understood or not, they acted upon the principle that might is right, and proceeded to take us in tow, making for a beach on the north side of the river and about half a mile further up. They allowed their canoe to range with its bow a little ahead of ours, so that their foremost man with the paddle could have an opportunity to assist in the towing process. They still held firmly to our canoe, and we began to make good headway up the stream. I then told Friday to hand me the hatchet which we carried, and then I gave them to understand that we would cut ourselves loose if necessary; thereupon two of their number stood up and made as if they were going to kill us with their spears. I caught up my rifle and told them that there were always two who could play at a game.

"They seemed to realize that what I meant boded no good to them if I really carried out my intentions. We then had a pow-wow, and they showed by signs that there was no harm intended for either of us, and in any event their numbers were so much greater than ours—ten to one—that we would stand but a poor chance, which argument was at least reasonable; so, after talking the matter over with Friday we decided to accompany them as gracefully as possible and take every precaution against treachery. We soon landed on the beach, and both canoes being pulled up out of the



water and covered with plantain leaves, we started to the north and directly away from the river.

"It was about ten o'clock when we landed, and we traveled for about an hour, when all stopped to rest. I had my rifle and machete, and Friday had only his machete, as he said that if he needed a spear he could very easily get one from the Indians; and there was a gleam in his eye when he said it that told me that he suspected treachery.

"After resting an hour we all made ready to resume our journey, when one of the Indians proposed to carry my rifle. I declined so decidedly that even he realized that there was a point beyond which he might not go, for the time being at any rate. Friday would not be separated from me, and we traveled single file, some of the Indians leading and the others following. It was two o'clock in the afternoon when we got out of the jungle, and there lay before us a treeless plain of about a mile in width, and on the far side another stretch of jungle towards which our path directly led. When we had entered this jungle we found evidences of life, but no habitation could be discovered.

"It was useless to try to get any information from our hosts, so we followed without question until we had gone perhaps half a mile into the forest, when they all stopped and gave a call that was quickly answered from overhead in a dozen different places. On looking up, we found that every tree of any considerable size had built among its branches what looked like an inverted cone about ten feet in diameter and fully twenty feet from the ground. Before we had time to be surprised at this mode of living, we were surrounded by dozens of these Indians, male and female, and if the men were repulsive, the women were very much more so.



"They looked us over pretty carefully and wanted to get my rifle from me, the use of which they did not seem to understand, and I did not think it the proper time to demonstrate its qualities for good or evil. I insisted on retaining all of my possessions, and Friday did likewise. The beard on my face seemed to excite the most curiosity, but our clothes came in for a good share of inspection. They wore no clothes themselves, and seemed to think that our apparel was a part of ourselves, or as much so as our hair, at least. After this inspection was over we were led to an open space, where we sat down to rest, being still surrounded by several hundred of these men, women and children. Up to this time I had not discovered anyone who seemed to be in supreme authority, but after all had been seated there stalked into the center of this little park an Indian with a broad band of gold around his head, and of greater stature than any of the others that I had noticed.

"When he stood upright the tips of his fingers reached quite two inches below his knees, and his muscles would afford a good study for the anatomist, for they were not concealed by adipose tissue. He held in his hand a spear similar to those carried by the others, but with this addition, that the pointed ends were both covered for a distance of ten or twelve inches with beaten gold. He waved this spear in the air, and in a loud, harsh voice made quite a lengthy speech, which was responded to by grunts of satisfaction from those seated around. As soon as this harangue had ceased, there was a commotion on the outside of the circle just behind where we were seated, and a number of these savages came rapidly forward, bringing five captives whose hands were bound, and placed them directly in front of our position.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### A REINFORCEMENT.

"As soon as Friday saw them, he said to me, 'Men from Orinoco, me know, can talk.' The upper part of their bodies was tattoed in squares and triangles, with red and blue colors. The poor captives looked around as if seeking some avenue of hope or escape. I told Friday to talk to them, but to make it appear as if he were talking to one of those seated around. The captives seemed to at once understand what was being said, and why they were not directly addressed, and, showing no surprise, they replied to Friday, but making it appear that they were talking to one another.

"In this way we learned that ten of their tribe had been captured two months ago by these Indians, and that the other five had been killed and eaten, and that was now what they were going to do with them. They also told Friday that they would probably keep us until other captives were brought in, when they would perform the same pleasant duty towards us. I began to have visions of these wretched creatures smacking their lips over a juicy bite out of my calf or biceps, and a feeling ran up and down my back like the trickling of water colder than any that could be obtained in this vicinity.

"I soon decided that it was better to die fighting for life than to tamely submit to be butchered like sheep. I determined on a bold move, and told Friday to listen to what I would say, as it was meant for him and the captives; but I would make it appear that I was ad-









BARIMA ISLAND



A NATIVE SITE ON THE ORINOCO



dressing the chief. I then got up, and, brandishing my rifle, I advanced until I was standing in front of the captives, and, apparently addressing the chief, I said: 'Now, Friday, we are about to be converted into a pot-pie to gratify the epicurean desires of the worst-looking lot of wretches it has ever been my misfortune to gaze upon, and I do not propose to calmly await my fate without some show of resistance while I have two hands free and this rifle with plenty of ammunition; so, Friday, you will tell the captives that you are going to set them free, and as soon as I fire the second shot from my rifle, they are to each seize a spear from one of the Indians and follow you, and you are, as soon as I fire the first shot, to cut the bonds of the captives and make a break for the river and the canoe. As soon as you get to the open plain, wait for me, for I will follow as quickly as possible.'

"All this was listened to with the greatest attention by the chief and his tribe, and, of course, they did not understand one word of it. Again brandishing my rifle, I said: 'Now, Friday, be ready,' and, pointing the muzzle of the gun in the air, I discharged it. The effect was instantaneous and satisfactory; they all threw themselves on their faces to the ground, the chief included. I then said in a loud and commanding voice, 'Quick, Friday; you and the captives run,' and again pointing the gun in the air, I discharged it a second time, and, turning around, I followed Friday and the others as rapidly as possible towards the river. It was now within an hour of sunset, and it had taken us nearly four hours to make the trip from the river, not counting the rest; and could we make this run before dark?

"We had scarcely gotten out on the plain when we discovered that they were after us. I then told Friday for him and the captives, except one, to keep on to the



river and have both canoes ready in the water, and I would make a stand and see if I could not stop their pursuit. Friday understood and acted accordingly. I stepped behind a large bunch of aloe and directed the Indian who remained with me to do the same; and the first Indian who broke cover—and it happened to be the chief, as I knew by his stature, I dropped with a bullet from my 'Savage.' A score or more soon appeared, but when they found their chief dead with a hole in his breast they stopped and set up such a scream that I could not but feel a degree of pity, such as I always feel when I kill a deer.

"I waited for a few minutes and saw them pick up the body of their dead chief and start back into the jungle, and then without delay I started with the tattooed Indian who had remained, and established a record run to the river. I found that Friday and the other Indians had succeeded in getting both canoes into the water and were waiting for me. I crawled into my own canoe, and breathlessly told Friday to get away from the shore as quickly as possible and find an igarape on the other side into which we might go to hide and rest until morning. I was so exhausted with fear and exertion that I lay down in the bow of my canoe and allowed Friday and the captive Indians to do the paddling. I was soon asleep, and did not awake until Friday came to me with some hot chocolate, nut cakes and deer meat.

"We then covered ourselves up in the canoes, Friday and one of the captured Indians keeping watch by turns. When morning came, a terrific wind and rain storm arose, and we were glad to remain in the canoes, which were perfectly sheltered both from wind and rain by the dense overhanging trees and vines of the jungle. That night, after darkness had spread its black curtain



over wood and water, we pushed out of our hiding place and proceeded cautiously up the river, keeping as near to the south bank as the depth of the water would permit. When it began to get light we sought a place where we might rest safely for the day, as I did not care to have any further dealings with our late hosts, and besides I have always entertained the greatest aversion to taking life where it could possibly be avoided, even though it be in self-defense.

"That night we started about sunset, and at midnight we reached a point where a considerable stream joined the Vaupes, and, not knowing which was the main river, we camped for the night. The next morning I found that we were about at the sixty-ninth degree of west longitude, and that here the Vaupes took us in a northerly direction. For two days we traveled to the north, when we found our course to be again to the west. During all this time we had seen no sign of human beings, and hoped that we would escape any further contact with these wild men of the jungle, until we got beyond the seventy-second degree of longitude, where it is said that the Indians are, while not civilized, certainly not cannibals, and are not dangerous to meet and mingle with."



## CHAPTER XX.

### LIFE AMONG THE TARIERA INDIANS.

"WE had been traveling west for three days, and had come to the confluence of the Yapu with the Vaupes, and had landed on a beach on the south side of the main river and west of the Yapu, and were preparing to have a noonday meal, it being then about eleven o'clock. We had scarcely gotten a fire started when we were startled by the swish of a shower of arrows that went over our heads and dropped into the river beyond. We all sprang to our feet, and, looking in the direction from which the arrows had come, we saw about thirty Indians standing not more than fifty feet away and just on the edge of the jungle. They were nude, and each carried in his hand a bow and had a bamboo tube filled with arrows slung over his shoulder.

"These men were of medium size, and their features were so regular that they might very easily be mistaken for white men with their bodies stained brown. I told Friday and the others to be ready for any treachery, and I then beckoned for the Indians to come down on the beach, which they did, as I thought, rather carefully, as if they might be entertaining the same feelings towards us as we were towards them. When they had arrived within ten feet of us, they all stopped and seemed to be waiting for some of our party to speak. I told Friday to speak to them, which he did, but they shook their heads in token that they did not understand him. One of the other Indians then spoke to them, but with no better results.



"I then endeavored to make known to them by signs why we were there and where we were going. They listened and attended patiently and carefully until I was through, when one of their number began to talk and gesticulate, and from him I gathered that the river came from the north, where were many high mountains, and that we would not be able to take the larger canoe any further, as the river from here was more rapid, and in some places we would be compelled to carry the smaller boat. We offered them some smoked deer meat, which they ate with an evident relish, but they did not ask for more.

"They told us that they lived at the head waters of the Yapu, and near a high mountain where there was everything that they needed, and that their tribe numbered many thousands. They also said that a little to the west of their home was a big river, which came out of the great mountains behind which the sun grows dark. I concluded, therefore, that perhaps the Vaupee river was not to be depended upon to carry me as far as I wished to go, and that I had better accompany these Indians to their abode near the big mountain, and from there find my way to the larger river, which could be depended upon to take me farther to the west.

"I then explained to them that I wished to go with them to their home, and from there I would go to the big river of which they spoke; to this they readily assented, and we at once prepared to start. They said that they had their canoes a little way up the river, and they would go on foot and wait for us there. We finally arrived at their landing and found them ready to lead the way. This river, the Yapu, runs through a nearly level stretch of treeless plain for a distance of sixty miles, and while it is narrow, it is never shallow, and we had, therefore, no difficulty in making headway with our canoes.



"When night came, they were going on, but I persuaded them to rest and take daylight for the trip, and as this seemed agreeable to them, we landed and prepared our evening meal of fish, nut cakes and deer meat, after partaking of which we all lay down in the canoes and slept until morning. After we had had breakfast I noticed that Friday seemed dull, and not as vigorous as usual, and I asked him if he were sick. He told me that he was not sick, but that he had not trusted the Indians as implicitly as I had, and therefore he had remained awake all night for fear that they might be guilty of some treachery. I therefore made him lie down and have one of the captive Indians take his place. Thus we traveled for eight days before we came to the habitations of these Indians, who called themselves the Tariera.

"We landed at a place beyond which we could not go with the canoes, because here the river came down over a rocky ledge fully thirty feet high, and the water above this fall tumbled over a rough and rocky bed from its source in the inaccessible ravines of the Aracura mountains. We then walked a mile through a magnificent forest, from which all the vines seemed to have been cut, and the only parasites we saw were orchids of many different kinds. There were parrots and monkeys on almost every tree, and as they seemed to have no fear I concluded that these Indians had plenty to eat without killing their Darwinian ancestors.

"When we arrived at their village, or city, as I shall call it, I was surprised at the evidence of thrift and comfort which pervaded everything. Their houses were built of bamboo poles laid close together, and held in place by bamboo posts driven firmly in the ground, and the inside of the walls was plastered with a cement which they obtained by burning a limestone that cropped



out all along the river above the falls. The roof was thatched with a long, coarse grass that effectually kept out the rain, and the floor was covered with the same kind of grass, and this was renewed every evening. They used a covering at night made from a fibrous bark plaited and the braids sewed together by threads made from the same bark, the needles used being the thorns from the black palm tree.

"The nights were cool, the elevation being in the neighborhood of fifteen hundred feet above sea level. They cultivated the banana lower down on the river below the falls, and above the city they cultivated potatoes, yams, mandioca and arrowroot. There was always a plentiful supply of fish, some of which they dried and ground to powder, and from this they made a very palatable soup. The women wore a skirt coming down to the knees, which was made from the same fibrous bark that they used for a covering at night, and they attended to all the work connected with the culinary department, and they were extremely clean about their cooking as well as about their persons.

"The men did all the farm work and hunting and fishing, as well as the building. A great number of them were suffering with malaria, and did not seem to know any remedy for it. I still had some of the cinchona bark with me that I had gotten while with the blue-eyed Indians far down the river. This I prepared and gave to the sick, with the happiest results, and when my supply was exhausted I went up on the mountain to the west and found plenty of these valuable trees, from which I obtained a great supply of bark; and it was not long before most of those who had been sick with fever were again able to be up, and with a generous diet, and keeping them in after dark, they soon recovered their usual health.



"The whole tribe was very much interested, and asked me to show them the tree from which I obtained this curative agent, and this I was very glad to do. I also showed them other medicinal plants of which they had no knowledge. Surely these things were prepared by the Creator for the 'healing of the nations.' The strangest thing about these Indians was that they did not have any religion and absolutely no form of worship, and their only code of ethics was the dictum of their chief; and fortunate it was for all that the present ruler was a man of wonderful sagacity and of a sympathetic nature.

"While he had never heard of the golden rule, and could not formulate its principles, still unconsciously all of his acts and dicta were governed by the principle of the brotherhood of man. When a new ruler was needed he was chosen by a majority of all the tribe, male and female, who had reached the years of discretion, which seemed to be about fourteen years, and if he did not give satisfaction a majority vote displaced him and put another in his stead. These elections were without excitement and there was no cost to any one and therefore no graft. The inauguration was also without cost and was very simple and short.

"The day after the selection had been made the newly chosen ruler at sunrise seated himself at the entrance of the public park, which lay to the east of the city and which was a quarter of a mile square, and placing his palms downward on a small table that stood in front of him, remained in that position alone for an hour. The whole tribe then filed in, in couples, male and female, the

male touching the left hand and the female touching the right hand of the ruler.

"After passing, the couples separated, the women passing out of the park through the gate on the north, and



the men going out of the south gate, and then all returned to their different tasks. The only advantage the ruler had was that he did not have to attend to the cultivation of his fields, as this was attended to by the older men, who had been unfortunate enough to have survived their mates.

"The park of which I have spoken was a square enclosed by a fence four feet high made of bamboo stakes driven into the ground and it was used as a playground or amusement park for the young and old and they played many games that I had never seen before, but what astonished me most was that these men while exceedingly mild mannered and gentle, were the most inveterate fighters. They scarcely ever met in the park without engaging in fist fight, and they very rarely quit until one or the other was down and out.

"I could not but be impressed with the thought that surely here was virgin soil for the missionary who wished to get the best results from the implantation of religious truths. There is no previous religion and apparently no conception of any in the hearts or minds of these men and women. I thought that perhaps it was my duty to try and convey to their minds some conception of the great Ruler of the universe and their duty towards Him; but in thinking of their innocent amusements and their harmless mode of living, I decided that it was better to leave them thus, than to give them a smattering knowledge of religion, its duties and delights, which unless kept in its purity, might degenerate into some form of idolatry and so their last case would be worse than their first. I tried to tell them that fighting was rude sport and beneath the dignity of men who were as intelligent as were they. I kept this up and before I left them I had the satisfaction of knowing that fighting had almost wholly been discontinued.



"They used as cooking utensils a pottery which they made from clay that was obtained only a short distance from the city. This they hardened by subjecting to a very great heat. I conceived the idea that I might better their situation, by showing them how to keep their surroundings in a more sanitary condition; I therefore got them to make clay pipes such as are used in America for sewers, and these we used as an aqueduct to convey the water from the river, about half a mile above the city, and then by a system of bamboo pipes they had each house supplied with a plentiful quantity of good water. And then by a little more work they had a sewer running through the centre of the city and all of the houses connected therewith.

"They had no knowledge of the lace bark tree, and this I pointed out to them and explained its method of manufacture and its uses. After we had been here for ten days the Indians that we had saved from being the most savory part of a cannibal feast said that they wanted to go to their own home on the head waters of the Orinoco. We made inquiry of our hosts and learned that the river Papunagua was not more than one hundred and twenty miles directly north from them, and that the river empties into the Inixida, which in turn disembogues into the Orinoco at San Fernando de Atabapo.

"We then prepared them for the journey and several of our hosts offered their services as guides for half of the distance, and so one morning these five tattooed Indians started out on their journey, being well supplied with a quantity of smoked deer meat, bows, arrows and spears. Before starting they came to me and attempted to express their gratitude for being saved from so horrible a fate, and they told me that they would whenever opportunity afforded, do anything in their power for any white man.



## CHAPTER XXI.

### ON THE APOPORIS.

"WE remained here for several months, making frequent excursions into the mountains, collecting a supply of Cinchona bark to take along with us, for I feared that we might reach some place where it could not be obtained. The great river, of which these Indians had spoken, lay about twenty miles southwest of the city and proved to be the Apoporis. When we were ready to go they all begged us to stay and be their brothers, but I explained to them that I had other plans and that it was necessary for me to go on. A number of them said that they would accompany us to the river and assist us in making our canoe, and to this I did not object, as the making of a canoe out of a log of Mahogany is not an easy task.

"So one morning we started out accompanied by fifteen of the Indians, each carrying a generous supply of food. We arrived at the bank of the Apoporis on the evening of the second day, and, oh, the grandeur of the scene. The river valley here is not more than a mile wide with steep mountains two thousand feet high on either side. The clouds in the western sky appeared like burnished gold tipped with crimson, and plainly told us that our golden sunset, was but the rosy dawn of a day to countless thousands who, while perhaps living in the lap of luxury, and on the highest plane of civilization, were not more contented than we.

"The next morning we selected a tree for our canoe and by alternately burning and cutting we had this giant



of the forest lying prone when the shades of evening gave us warning that it was time to cease our labors for the day. Here we worked industriously for ten days before our canoe was ready to be launched. On the last day of our work, there arrived twenty of the Indians from the city, each one carrying a load of food for us to take with us in the canoe. There was nut meal from which to make bread or cakes, powdered fish, dried sliced yams, dried bananas and plantains, and a very plentiful supply of smoked meat.

"They brought to Friday and to me a covering to be used at night to keep off mosquitoes, made from the lace bark tree, and this they seemed to take special delight in, as it showed me that they were going to make use of the little knowledge that I was able to impart to them while I sojourned among them. The next morning I could not help saying with Longfellow,

'To-day the vessel's to be launched  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,'

and as soon as we had eaten our morning meal we launched the canoe and loaded it with the good things that the Indians had brought and bidding them not a tearless farewell, we pushed out into the stream and started on our journey up the river, which here was about two hundred feet wide and quite rapid, so that we made slow progress, and when night came we had not gone more than four miles from our starting point.

"The banks of the river here were covered with grass, the edge of the jungle being fully a quarter of a mile back from the bank on both sides, thus giving us an opportunity of seeing the beauties of the river and jungle much better than before. And the sun, rising over the hills we were leaving behind, made me wish for the



skill of the artist so that I might keep it forever with me. I have not words to express the material beauties of nature, morning, noon and night.

"It was ever changing, ever beautiful, ever grand. And yet there are those who tell us that all is only a seeming. It is impossible for me to think that a man or a woman can be in possession of all of the faculties which God intended them to have and still give utterance to such expressions as 'there's nothing but mind,' 'there's nothing but spirit,' and so on *ad nauseam*. While it is true that the most of our troubles are fancied, and if met in a spirit of bravery with a determination to overcome, we find that they soon vanish, leaving us the stronger for having encountered and defeated them.

"True social life, in pureness of thought and unity of desire, with an ambition for what is candid and just, and an abhorrence for deceit, corruption and fraud, would make the life among the so-called civilized people of earth something to be greatly desired, but instead we find the whole social life a fabric wherein the warp consists principally of duplicity and subtlety and the woof is made up of the different degrees of finesse and social jugglery. This is why I am here, and while I am willing to admit my cowardice in fleeing from conditions that I should have tried to correct, candidly I found the task so herculean that I decided to become a fugitive from duty rather than a self-despised participant in the social game.

"If the Church were only honest in its beliefs and practices and followed out and acted upon the ethical and religious code as given and exemplified by the great Teacher and Saviour there would be a ray of hope that truth and love would soon be universal and that 'the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man' would not be cant expressions in the mouth of every blatant



street speaker in the interest of nihilism. However I have learned much in my travels and much that will enable me to enjoy my future state in a much greater degree than I would otherwise have been able. I have seen a spirit among the most uncivilized that would put to shame the most fashionable congregation in Europe or America, and that is the spirit of tolerance.

“I firmly believe that were it not for what ‘some people might say’ there are few of the higher dignitaries of the churches but would resort to such practices as scandalized the world during the early days of the reformation.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE END OF PAT'S STORY.

"WELL, as I was telling you, we wended our weary way up the river, viewing and being delighted by the ever-changing scenes along this magnificent stream which takes its rise in the eternal snows of the mighty Andes. On the morning of the fortieth day after our embarking on this river when we were about to start out for our day's journey, we noticed a canoe coming rapidly towards us and as there was no opportunity to secrete ourselves we waited with a degree of trepidation, not knowing what to expect. There were six men in the canoe, and as soon as they saw us they stopped paddling and allowed their canoe to drift towards us and when they got near enough I observed that there was nothing vicious in their appearance. Their features were regular and though they were a very dark brown I could see that their faces were clean which is a mark of good breeding even in an Indian.

"I spoke to them and told them my desires, and they looked at each other in amazement. They then talked among themselves until their canoe had drifted past ours. I tried to get them to understand that we were going up the river and wanted to know how far up they lived. At last they came alongside and giving us a rope they made us understand that they would take us in tow, and to this I did not object, as Friday had seemed to be failing in strength during the past few days and I feared that he was going to have some serious illness, although



I had given him plenty of the tea made from the Cinchona bark.

"It was wonderful the progress these men made in towing us, and before night came we had arrived at the confluence of the Ajaju with the Macaya, and the sight that met my gaze is beyond my powers to describe. You never did go down the river far enough to see the beauties of the city from that point and to me who had been travelling through the jungles and expecting to see nothing but Indian encampments and then to have thrust before my vision a city built of stone, with beautiful facades and carvings and an air of comfort and happiness filling the atmosphere, I was dumb, as one in the presence of a masterpiece of the painter's art. We did not land there but went up the Macaya to the landing from which we started on our present trip, and having disembarked we were escorted up the same road that you first came up and we were led at once to the prince, or priest as I have always called him.

"He treated me as if I were a superior being and having seen to it that I had something to eat he arranged for Friday and myself to have adjoining rooms. The next morning Friday was very sick and altogether unable to get up and he refused food. I went to the priest and succeeded in making him understand that my man was sick and that I wanted the things out of my canoe, and he at once had them brought to my room where I proceeded to make more Cinchona tea which I gave to the sick man. Thus I nursed him and did for him all I could but he seemed to grow gradually weaker. I felt myself powerless in the presence of disease, of which I knew nothing, and how I wished for a physician, but none was obtainable and I was compelled to see poor Friday pass out to the great beyond.



"No more faithful man or true ever drew the breath of life than this poor unlettered, I cannot say uncivilized, savage. The priest and some of the others would watch me as I waited on Friday and give him his medicine and food and seemed very much surprised at all the trouble I was taking. I did not understand this at the time, but after I had been among them for a few weeks I found that whenever one of their number got too sick to help himself he was carried outside of the walls of the city and made to drink a tea made from a nut resembling the bitter almond and certainly possessing its qualities in an exaggerated degree, for death very quickly and painlessly followed the draught.

"This and many other of their practices I succeeded in getting them to discontinue and before I had been among them a year I had been able to instill into their hearts a kindlier feeling towards the sick and suffering and also towards the old and feeble. I found no feeble-minded or insane among them and they drank nothing of an intoxicating nature. I tried as far as possible to teach them that the God from whom they all expected so much also expected something from them. I showed them their life and health, the rain and the sunshine, the fruit and the results of their labors in the fields were direct gifts from the being that they worshipped and that they must in return not burn up this product as an offering to him, but be kind to those depending on them for support and to treat each other in a spirit of kindness and this would be more pleasing to the deity than anything else that they could do; and after the first year among them I had the satisfaction of knowing that the practice of destroying their old, sick, and infirm, was a thing of the past.

"I taught them some games, as golf and cricket, for I



do thing that a people without any amusement is liable to degenerate. I taught them the necessity of pure water and food, and under my supervision they put sewers through the whole city, as you have observed, and to-day there is not so clean a city in any country through which I have ever travelled. I was also able to give them instructions in methods of preparing their food, which I think is a great step in the direction of a true civilization. I also showed them in a crude way how to make use of the water power, of which they had so much, and before we left they ground all their nuts, fish, bananas, and arrowroot in that little mill that I pointed out to you on the south side of the city.

"I believe, Mr. Adams, that I will some day soon go back among these people and try to make a Christian people of them and thus give them that refinement that must come of close and careful study of the life of the man who went about doing good. I believe it is a great mistake to go among the heathen and begin by tearing down their gods that they have been taught to worship, to suppress their religious exercises and subvert their institutions as a preliminary step to Christianization or civilization. Of course if the object of civilization is the extension of the avenues of trade and commerce so that nations and individuals may become rich and in a world power sense great, then our civilization is a delusion and a snare; a delusion to ourselves and a snare to the unhappy tribe or nation that is brought under its influence."

Mr. Adams would sit or recline under the shade of the awning for hours listening to Pat talking of one subject or another, always interesting, always instructive.

Thus they travelled without adventure until they had reached the seventy-fourth degree west longitude, when they disembarked and told the Indians that they might



go back to their own city. Their course now lay due south and principally over the open country, with here and there a stretch of jungle. When they came to a stream they usually found the banks well wooded. As far as possible they were careful not to be travelling over the treeless parts during the hottest part of the day. They found no difficulty in feeding themselves as there was always an abundance of fish, fruit and roots as well as deer and ducks.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE INHABITANTS OF THE LAKE CITY.

THEY had been travelling four days when one evening they came in sight of what looked like a white rocky hill about twenty feet above the level of the surrounding plain. Deer and other animals seemed to be very plentiful and they found no difficulty in getting a nice red deer as well as several peccaries. On arriving at this mound they discovered it to be a spring of pure salt water, and what had looked like white stone was nothing more than salt which had collected because of evaporation. Here they found evidences of man having visited this spring recently, probably for the purpose of collecting salt, and there was a distinct and well travelled path leading from the spring to the south. They decided to camp here for the night and take this trail in the morning.

Towards morning they were awakened by an undefined noise coming from the direction in which they were travelling. They listened intently and soon discovered that there were persons coming towards the spring. They had built their camp about two hundred yards from the trail and about four hundred yards from the spring and were hidden from view by several bunches of aloe and wild pineapple. The visitors came along the trail or path in single file but close together, and seemed to be all talking. They went at once to the salt mound and began digging. The travellers were at first undecided what to do, and Mr. Adams suggested that the guide approach them as soon as it was sufficiently light and that



he and Pat should be ready to protect him if the Indians should show any disposition to harm him.

They waited until sunrise and then, Mr. Adams and Pat remaining hidden, the guide boldly walked out towards the men who were digging so industriously at the salt mound. As soon as the Indians saw the guide they stopped work and waited for him to approach, which he did fearlessly, and when he had gotten almost amongst them he began talking to them. The Indians did not seem to be at all excited until the guide pointed to where Mr. Adams and Pat were, when they all threw down their picks and, with the guide leading, came directly toward the hidden men.

"Sure," said Pat, "he's bringing the whole troop after us, but I guess they don't mean to do us any harm and so I think we had better treat them as if we were their betters, which we are by the way, if there is any virtue in being civilized."

Mr. Adams and Pat then stood up, still holding their guns and being ready to defend themselves if need be. As soon as the Indians, and there were twenty-five of them, saw Mr. Adams and Pat they took off their hats and made a most profound bow and still keeping their hats in their right hands they held their left hands up and approached.

"That is to tell us that they will not harm us," said Pat.

Through the guide they learned that these Indians lived two days' journey from this place and that they had a beautiful city and would be glad to have us accompany them to the city when they had succeeded in getting their load of salt for which they had come. Mr. Adams then told the guide to ask them if there was any lake near their city. He had scarcely begun speaking when



the whole twenty-five Indians threw up their hats and in very good English said, "We speak like that, our teacher talk like that."

Mr. Adams and Pat were so astonished that they hardly realized what was happening before two of the Indians had seized Mr. Adams and another two had Pat upon their shoulders and the whole band had started towards the city which they had said was distant two days' journey. Mr. Adams thinking that they might intend harm began to remonstrate with them, but the only reply was, "No harm, carry to city where everything good."

The guide followed, he and some of the other Indians carrying the guns and other traps. When two Indians would get tired two others would take Mr. Adams and Pat and thus the whole day they were not allowed to walk. When evening came they arrived at a large thatch-covered house where were several hammocks as well as places to hang others. Besides this the whole house was screened by a material obtained from the lace bark tree. The Indians had food with them, which consisted principally of small cakes toasted brown, which they afterwards learned were made from a flour or meal of the ground Brazil nut, or as Mr. Adams had called them in his youth, "niggar toes."

They started next morning at sunrise, after having had a good breakfast of toasted deer meat, yams, and "nigger toe" cake.

About four o'clock that afternoon they approached an immense stretch of jungle which they entered by a circuitous, narrow and well-hidden path, but after penetrating the forest a few hundred yards they came upon a wide path capable of allowing several people to walk abreast. This road led in a southwesterly direction, and after they had travelled about a mile there burst upon



their view a scene never to be forgotten. A lake almost circular and over five miles in length, the water of which was of the deepest blue. On the east and south sides were cultivated fields extending from the shore of the lake back the distance of a mile or more, where they met the jungle. These fields were laid out with perfect regularity in rectangular lots, being a little narrower as they approached the lake and having paths running between the different fields, some leading directly out from the lake and others running at right angles. On the north side of the lake was a city of apparently ten thousand inhabitants, but from the point where they had come out of the jungle it appeared like a city of churches, so many steeples and minarets did they behold, their tops glistening in the rays of the setting sun like burnished gold.

They stood and gazed in amazement and wonder, first at the fields, then at the lake, and then the city, which was only about a mile from where they were standing, and they wondered if they had not been the subjects of some delightful enchantment. The Indians seemed to enjoy the surprise of the visitors and said, "Our teacher did all this."

Mr. Adams and Pat wondered who their teacher could be to get these wild people of the jungle to cultivate their fields to such perfection and to have everything arranged so beautifully without lessening the utility.

Bordering every path through the fields were two rows of shade trees on either side, but these trees besides offering abundant shade also provided them with an abundance of fruit of many different kinds.

The river which emptied the surplus water from the lake was on the northeast and, running in a semicircle towards the north and west, almost encircled the city. There were three rivers feeding the lake, two of which



had their origin in a range of hills two thousand feet high and about ten miles distant, and the third came from the foothills of the great western range and approached the lake through a gap or canon in the nearer hills.

After they had stood taking in the wonders of this land of enchantment for a space of half an hour the Indians said, "Come to city, we show you."

They were standing near the southern bank of the river that ran out of the lake and had to cross it to get to the city. On approaching they found it to be spanned by a splendid stone structure having two central piers, and the approach on the city side was guarded by a gate constructed of strips of copper fastened to immense timbers of Guiacon, and swung open both ways, being hung on a central pivot resting in a cup hollowed out in a huge block of jasper, the cone shaped end of the center timber fitting into this cup so exactly as to give Mr. Adams and Pat considerable thought as to how it was done. This gate was guarded by two men who were dressed in slate-colored pants and white coat, and wire hats made from a native grass and very much resembling the ordinary Panama hats of commerce. The only weapons of defense they seemed to have were machetes, but they afterwards learned that in the little sentry houses which stood on either side of the roadway there was always a supply of poisoned arrows and tubes through which to project them.









THE CACAO TREE AND FRUIT



## CHAPTER XXIV.

### IN NEW AND PLEASANT QUARTERS.

THEY then accompanied their captors, for such they almost appeared to be, towards the city, which was only a few hundred yards from the river gate. They travelled over a smooth macadam road and came to the wall which surrounded the city except on the lake front, and there was only one gate on this the east side, constructed in the same way as the one at the bridge. Through this they entered and found themselves on a broad street well rounded in the middle and paved with a fine hard sandstone, and on each side there was a stone gutter full of running water. On the other side of the gutter, on the south side of the street, was a walk of stone flagging two feet wide. Setting back from this walk were the houses, and as all were alike a description of one will serve for all.

The houses were built of sandstone obtained from the country on the west side of the lake where it was found in layers varying in thickness from nine inches to two feet, each layer maintaining its thickness, and these different strata being separated by thin deposits of limestone. The houses were two stories high and built on three sides of an open court, that is on the east, north and west, the south side or that facing the lake being open. The roof was made of long poles of bamboo reaching from the ridgepole to and running out over the sidewall for a distance of several feet, thus making broad eaves which protected the balcony that was on all sides. These bamboo poles were split in



halves and a number of them were laid from the ridge to the wall with the hollow side up and a space was left between each of about three inches.

Then other split poles were placed with the hollow side down, and covering the space between those with the hollow up, and the edges of the upper ones fitted into the hollows of those first laid, thus making a perfectly watertight roof. On the southeast ell or corner of the house was built a tower, circular in form, and extending up to what might be considered three stories, the roof of which was cone shaped and surmounted by a short staff or pole, bearing on its top an arrow pointing in the direction of where the sun arose, or to the east. The roof of this tower was covered with sheets of beaten copper and the staff and arrow were of the same material.

Every house had this tower and there were no houses built on, or facing, the north side of the street. The direction of the streets was east and west and north and south. The southern terminis of those running north and south, was the lake shore and the northern terminis a beautiful park of many acres. The guests were led along the street which began at the east gate for a distance of half a mile and they then turned toward the lake, and when within half a block of the water, they all halted and Mr. Adams, Pat and the guide were shown into an uninhabited but not empty house, for here were all the furnishings that were necessary to make them comfortable. The front room on the left as they went in was large and furnished with a view to the comfort of those who wished to sit and talk or think. The next two rooms back of this were sleeping rooms, and beyond this and under the tower was a bathroom, furnished only with the means of taking a shower bath.

On the right side of the central entrance was a room



corresponding to the one on the left, but furnished with hammocks and couches which suggested siesta. The next room back was evidently a dining-room, and back of this was kitchen and larder or store room. They were asked to sit down in the first room, and then they were left alone. After looking about him, Pat remarked: "I wonder where we have got to at last? Surely we are not asleep; pinch me Mr. Adams, or let me pinch you, for if I ever doubted my own senses I am certainly in that same fix now. We surely have not got over the Andes into Equador? But of course not, for the Spanish inhabitants of that country are not half so well behaved as these Indians, for Indians they certainly are. I wonder who their teacher is of whom they talk so much, and whom they seem almost to worship? He must be a white man and talk the Anglo-Saxon language, for these fellows have enough of it to be able to make themselves plainly understood, and I rather think that they know much more than they have thus far made it appear."

Mr. Adams did not talk much, but said that he wondered if they would get a chance to see "the teacher."

Pat said that he thought that very likely he would hold himself aloof, as he was probably making these poor wretches treat him as a king and in that case would not allow strangers to approach him with any degree of freedom.

While they were thus talking an Indian came into the room and said, "Dinner, come."

They followed him to the dining-room where they found a table covered with a white cloth and set with earthen dishes. There were two plates of beaten copper, on one of which was heaped up a goodly supply of cakes made from nut meal and on the other was a variety of fruit. A large dish in the center of the table contained a delicious soup, to which each was helped by the man



who had informed them that dinner was ready. After they had partaken of the soup their dishes were removed and another Indian brought in a large platter of silver on which was a boiled haunch of venison, and with which they had potatoes, yams and peas. When they looked at this, Pat said,

"Kick me under the table Mr. Adams or I will think I have been dreaming these last four years and that now I am going to wake up and find that there is nothing real in any of it. The next thing we know they will bring in coffee and cream and a nice cheroot to taper off with."

And sure enough when the remains of the meat had been removed they brought them in each a silver cup of coffee and cream and sugar, all in silver vessels of small size.

"Sure they have been expecting us," said Pat, "and who do you suppose they think we are?"

While they were drinking their coffee an entirely new waiter brought in some very nicely made cigars, on a silver dish. This was too much for Pat and he said to the Indian who brought them:

"Say, who are you and who are we? Are we in South America or the United States?"

The Indian seemed to hesitate and then with a smile which was filled with meaning said:

"You sleep and in morning see city and know all," and then he vanished.

They talked for a little while and were beginning to get sleepy when an Indian came in and said in an interrogative tone:

"Go to bed?"

They all readily assented and Mr. Adams was given the room nearest the bath, Pat next, and the guide was told that he would have to sleep on the upper floor, but



he flatly refused and signified his intention of sleeping at Mr. Adams' door. When the Indian found that the guide was determined to have his way, he went and got a hammock and hung it on the veranda just in front of the door opening into Mr. Adams' room, as all doors opened out on this veranda or portico.

Mr. Adams slept very little that night and when morning came, he took a bath and when about to dress for the day he heard a voice at the door say:

"Clean suit of clothes here, you wear."

He partly dressed and going to the door his guide handed him a complete outfit, including sandals, and all white. In these he arrayed himself and they fitted him as if they had been made especially for him. As soon as he was dressed he walked out into the court and there were Pat and the guide, both dressed as he was, and enjoying the morning breeze from the lake. They could get the odor of the orange and lemon trees that were growing to the east and south, and other pleasant odors too, but they failed to find anything in the air that spoke of decay. The water of the lake was a beautiful turquoise blue and the smoothness of the surface was only broken by little rings that betokened the plentitude of fish beneath. The first question Mr. Adams asked Pat was: "Do you suppose we shall see 'the teacher' to-day?"

"Before Pat had time to express himself an Indian appeared and said:

"Breakfast, come."

They went in and there for their delectation were poached eggs, dried banana meal cakes, coffee, fruit and nuts. After having finished their morning meal almost in silence, an Indian came in and said:

"Me show City."

They were all anxious for this pleasure and therefore without hesitation they followed him.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE CITY AND COUNTRY.

HE led the way to the lake, along the shore of which was a splendid wide macadam walk that extended from the east wall to the west. Along this they walked, and their Indian guide pointed out first a large building that he told them was for the people to go in to "pray and make good."

On the western edge of the city and almost on the shore of the lake was a large two-story building covering something more than an acre of ground, and this the Indian pointed out as the place where "all sick get well." This they understood to be the hospital.

Mr. Adams asked, "Where is the doctor?"

The Indian replied, "No know doctor; teacher him make well."

Mr. Adams again asked, "Where is the teacher?"

And the Indian replied, "Him gone to big city where sun sets to get things for sick and for hospital. He be back in twenty suns."

With this they had to be satisfied, and the Indian then showed them how the city got its water supply from one of the rivers that flowed into the lake. They had laid earthen pipes from five miles up the river down to the city, and thus were able to get a supply of pure water without the possibility of any contamination. They also had a system of sewers that emptied into the river that flowed out of the lake, and which they had crossed just before entering the city the evening before. They



were shown three quite extensive one-story buildings where the children "go to learn."

After pointing out each of the improvements, the Indian would always say, "Our teacher did that." He told them that they got gold and silver out of the mountains to the north of the big river, and they got copper from the mountains to the south, both of these ranges being from eight to ten miles from the city. The Indian did not show any inclination to take them into any of the public buildings, and Mr. Adams asked him where the "teacher" lived, and the Indian, pointing to a small house near the hospital, said:

"There he sleep, but work all day."

Mr. Adams then asked if they might not go into the "teacher's house," and the Indian said, "No." He was then asked to take them into the hospital, but he replied:

"No good there; you no sick; you no teacher."

They were then taken back to their hotel or lodging-house, and after a light lunch they were left to themselves. The air was warm, but not oppressive, and the breeze which came over the waters of the lake seemed to have a soothing effect, and they all stretched themselves out in hammocks and were soon sound asleep.

After being asleep about an hour, Mr. Adams awoke, and, going out, walked down to the shore of the lake and watched the children and women playing about in the water or paddling around in canoes. After a time Pat and the guide came down, and they all stood interested and amused at their wonderful agility in handling the canoes, one of which was managed by two women and they had four little children in the boat with them. Suddenly this canoe turned over without any apparent reason, and spilled the occupants into the water. In an instant Pat and the guide sprang in, and, both being strong swimmers, soon had the struggling children safely



landed, leaving the women to take care of themselves, which they were well able to do.

When Pat and the guide got on shore with the children, Mr. Adams made a careful examination of the little ones and found that one of them had ceased to breathe, and he at once proceeded to resuscitate it by methods he had been taught in his old home. The Indian women had reached the shore by this time, and seeing that one of their charge was apparently dead, set up a terrible cry, which soon brought several hundred people down to the lake to discover what was the matter.

Mr. Adams worked rapidly, and after a little while had the satisfaction of seeing the child show signs of returning consciousness. He then tore off the wet clothing and asked for some warm garment in which to wrap the child, and almost before the desire was expressed, a blanket of fine wool was handed to him. In a little time the child was out of danger, and Mr. Adams gave it into the hands of a woman who seemed to be waiting for that purpose.

Pat and the guide had thrown themselves down on the stone walk, to give their clothes an opportunity to dry, but as soon as the excitement was over an Indian came up and said:

"More clothes, dry, up in house."

They all went up and there found a clean dry suit for each, and while Mr. Adams had not been in the water, still, in handling the half-drowned child he had gotten quite wet, so they all changed, and very soon after this their dinner was announced.

The next day they were taken in canoes over to the south side of the lake, to see the way the fruit and vegetable grounds were arranged. The next day they were taken up the big river, which empties into the lake on the west, and they saw the mines where they got their



gold and silver. The gold was found near the river, and was in nuggets, being a purely placer mining proposition. The silver was in veins in the sides of the canon through which the river flows, and is almost pure metal.

A few days later they started for the copper mines, and as they would have to be away overnight, they took along sufficient food, as well as hammocks, for Mr. Adams, Pat and the guide, and the Indians seemed to be able to rough it more than they wished their visitors to do.

The copper mines, as they had already learned, were to the southwest of the lake and about eight miles of a tramp after they had abandoned the canoes. This so-called mine is a solid mass of metallic copper, about fifty feet high, five hundred feet long, and two hundred feet across. How deep it extends into the ground it is hard to tell, but there is sufficient above ground to last these Indians many centuries. The only way they have of getting it is by patiently cutting it with steel chisels, and the whole hill of copper appeared like a huge tree at which beavers had been gnawing. The Indians told them that previous to the "teacher" coming among them five years before, the only copper they had was obtained from small pieces that they found scattered around on the hills in the neighborhood of this large mass, but that their "teacher" had gone over the mountains to the west and obtained steel tools, by which means they were able to do many things that they were unable to accomplish before his coming. He had taught them how to take care of themselves so that they might not get sick, and when unavoidable sickness came, he administered medicines and taught them what plants to use in different kinds of disease. He had built a house where those who were sick could be taken care of, and had taught many of their women how to nurse the sick and prepare proper food for them. Before he came, they had been in the



habit of going out among other tribes and stealing the female infants and rearing them as their own, and this they did so that they might not become physical degenerates, as most tribes do when their numbers have become reduced from any cause. This their "teacher" had taught them was very bad, and that the best way to prevent physical degeneracy was by right methods of living, proper kind of food and it properly prepared, plenty of exercise, a healthy ambition to excel and not at the expense of others, and last, but not least, a certain amount of religious enthusiasm that would spur them on to live up to the ethical code which that particular religion inculcated. He had found them worshipping the sun because they feared that if they did not the orb of day would fall upon them and utterly destroy them. He had taught them to worship a God that loved them, who was the one from whom all good things come, and that the bad things came from their own carelessness, neglect or wilfulness, and that only by following out the rules of right living and by observing the laws of nature, which are "the laws of God also," could they expect to escape avoidable sickness and sorrow.

He taught them to cultivate their fields so as to get the most out of them with the smallest amount of labor, how to make nets to catch fish in the lake, and how to cure these fish after they were caught; how to build mills to grind the dried fruit and nuts and arrowroot which formed such an important part of their food. He taught them how to cultivate the coffee plant and prepare it to the best advantage, also the sugar cane, and how to express the syrup from it by passing it between heavy lignum vitæ rollers that were turned in the mill run by water power. He went with them to the mines and gave them valuable instruction so that mining operations since his coming among them were much safer than they had previously been.



He had taught them to have a week set apart every year for the purpose of displaying the fruits, vegetables, nuts and all the results of their labor, it mattered not what that might be, and this exhibit was held in the market place on the high ground to the north of the city and park. The judges who awarded the prizes did so on the merit of the product, and did not know to whom they were being awarded. The prizes were given by the "teacher," and consisted of new instruments or tools especially adapted to the work in which each was engaged. There was a general storehouse where all kinds of food and clothing as well as gold, silver and copper was stored for public use, and this was contributed by the individuals who had made displays at the market place, and every family was compelled to have some kind of a display.

These stored up goods were used for the general good in times of sickness or disaster, and for public utility. It was from this store that the "teacher" took gold and silver over the great mountains to exchange for steel tools and implements and all other stores that they could not procure in any other way. Any precious stones that were found were strictly the property of those who found them and they were allowed to do with them as they saw fit, the different kinds of gems being turquoise, opal and emerald. The "teacher" had appointed a head man or ruler to whom they all went with their difficulties and he adjusted them as satisfactorily as possible. If any serious disagreement arose between members of the tribe the ruler took both parties to the church and there adjusted them according to the rules that the "teacher" had given them as a guide. The ruler did not receive any remuneration for his services except that he was allowed to take from the common store house sufficient to supply his needs,



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### MR. ADAMS AND PAT GET BUSY.

THE day after they had been to the copper mine one of the women who was acting as a nurse at the hospital came to Mr. Adams and asked him if he would not go out there, as there was a patient in the hospital who needed more skill than they had. They had seen how Mr. Adams had handled the half-drowned child and therefore concluded that he possessed the same knowledge that their "teacher" did. He went and found that a young mother was very much in need of help, which he fortunately was able to supply.

From this time on Mr. Adams was in great demand wherever there was sickness and the native nurses deemed themselves incompetent, and for this he was very thankful, as he was restless and nervous and the work being congenial gave him less time to think of himself and the things that were causing this restlessness. His guide followed him around like a faithful animal and seemed never at rest when Mr. Adams was out of his sight; and Pat would wander aimlessly about until the time for their evening meal, which they all ate together in the house that had been assigned to them on their arrival. When this meal was finished they would compare notes as to what they had been doing during the day. Pat was always amusing as well as instructive. He told Mr. Adams that he found strong resemblances among many of these Indians to the different tribes with which he had come in contact on his journey from San Fernando and Mr. Adams also noted the same fact.



"But," said Pat, "their natures are so completely changed that it is hard to believe that anything could have accomplished such wonders, short of a miracle. Are their hereditary tendencies destroyed, or held in abeyance until some circumstance arising, this inborn tendency will assert itself and then what will be the result?"

"I think," said Mr. Adams, "that heredity here is overcome by religious enthusiasm which has been instilled by their 'teacher' into the hearts and minds of these intelligent, but primitive people of the jungle. I can speak for myself that all of my old desires and tendencies and habits were either changed or utterly destroyed when I became a religious enthusiast."

"Why," said Pat, "I never would have believed that you, Mr. Adams, were religiously enthusiastic, for even now I could not for the life of me tell whether you are a Roman Catholic or a Protestant."

"Pat," said Mr. Adams, "I am not a Protestant, for I find nothing in my religion to protest against, and I am not a Roman Catholic, for I do not believe that it is possible for any *man* to forgive sins, nor do I believe that it is possible for any *man* to be infallible. I do not believe that we should worship saints, for even Saint Paul rebuked those who attempted to worship him. I believe the Bible to be the only rule of faith and doctrine and that it contains all the instruction that we need for our life here. and living that life here as we should, or as near as possible,

'Though each may gang a kennan wrang  
To step aside is human.'

when we enter into that future state, which our every conception tells us does exist, we will be able to enjoy it to the uttermost for all eternity.



"Well Mr. Adams," said Pat, "you certainly have a lucid hold of the situation and have placed within my mental grasp a truth which was always in front of me, but in such an indefinite recondite way that it seemed that I was guilty of transcendentalism when I attempted to seek the truth outside of the writings of the fathers. You have placed me on a foundation where I can see over the mists that have hitherto obscured my vision, for I was always looking downward, and now I see I must look up. Had I seen this before how different it might have been. But it is useless to say that and the thing for me to say is, what will it be for me and those around me in the future?"

The time was now approaching when these people expected their "teacher" to come back to them, and they had sent many canoes up the river as far as it was navigable there to await his return with the Indians who had accompanied him, and bring with them the supplies that were needed for all branches of work, but especially for the hospital. Mr. Adams would often find himself wondering if this "teacher" would ever come back, and who he was and why he had come here, for he certainly must be a man not only of character, but of great ability, to have accomplished in five years what he had, with these heretofore semi-savages, for they had told Mr. Adams and Pat, that previous to the "teacher" coming among them, they had been in the habit of destroying all of their aged and infirm by drowning them in the river that emptied out of the lake.

They had also, when assailed by other tribes, killed and eaten those whom they succeeded in taking prisoners, and when they had found him who was now their "teacher" on one of their kidnapping expeditions over to the north on the Guayabero river, they had brought him home with



them, intending to use him as an important feature in one of their feasts, but he seemed so harmless and devoid of fear, and besides he had given them medicine which cured one of the members of the expedition of a severe fever that by the time they had arrived at the city, he had won their confidence and created such an interest, that they decided to let him live among them, and lo, all this was the result.

Pat had now taken up the work of teaching the Indians all he could. He went to the schools and talked to the children there assembled and impressed upon them that they were here only for a short time and that that short time should be used in preparation for a future existence and that their ambition should be not so much to excel in their own individual tasks and pleasures, but to strive to make the lives of their fellows as happy and pleasant as possible, and in doing this they would derive more pleasure and realize more of the beauty of the religion that had been taught them by this "teacher" who was soon to be among them again. He told them in fervent terms of the happiness that would come to them by doing good to others and pointed out to them how devoid of satisfaction was anything that might come to them through selfishness or cupidity. He impressed upon them the necessity of doing the task in front of them to the best of their ability, and if to them it seemed irksome or fatiguing when it was finished their pleasure would be greater for having accomplished it, than if it had been easy or pleasant. He told them that the pleasure of doing good to others was like planting good seed in fertile soil, and that the abundant crop resulting therefrom gave opportunities for a still greater harvest in the future. By doing this their sum of happiness would mount skyward,



until it bore them on the wings of love and duty to the abode of the Saviour whom they had been taught to trust and worship.

Pat found that their "teacher" had established places where the girls could be taught to perform the duties devolving upon them when they should reach maturity, and where the boys learned how to accomplish to the best advantage the work they would be called upon to do when they had reached the stature of men.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE QUEST ACCOMPLISHED.

ONE morning as Mr. Adams was going to the hospital he noticed that there was great excitement among the people and on asking the cause he was told that the "teacher" was coming. He went on to the hospital and did what was necessary for the sick ones there, and then returned for his morning meal. When he arrived at the main street that led down to the shore of the lake he noticed a large number collected on the water front. He thought at first that he would also go down and see what manner of man this "teacher" was, but he felt nervous and excited and therefore went into the house and sat down to the table. It was evident that Pat and the guide had finished their breakfast and gone out to witness the home coming.

Mr. Adams could not eat, but sat there thinking of many things, when the door opened and Pat, followed by the "teacher" came in; Mr. Adams rose from his chair and turned around to receive them, but suddenly grew faint and would have fallen, but was caught by the "teacher" who carried him to a couch and laid him gently thereon. He opened Mr. Adams' coat and unbuttoned his shirt and then cried at the top of his voice, "Mary!" This he repeated several times until Mr. Adams opening his eyes and reaching out his arms said, "James."

The "teacher" at once sank to the floor unconscious and resisted all efforts at restoration. Mr. Adams, or Mrs. Williams as we shall now call her, for it was she, at once ordered him carried to his own house and having had him



placed in bed she at once set about applying restoratives. He did not recover from the comatose condition until nearly night, and then began to talk incoherently about having murdered Enos Holmes.

Mrs. Williams and Pat scarcely left the bedside for three days and the guide remained at the door always alert and never leaving unless to do the bidding of Mrs. Williams. The knowledge that she had acquired during the five years of the doctor's absence, when she did almost all the nursing in the cove for the new doctor, was now of inestimable value to her. Pat would insist on her going for rest while he sat and watched beside the sick and delirious man.

The whole population seemed to be waiting on the outside to receive news of their "teacher" or to do the bidding of those who were waiting upon him. The house of prayer was full, night and day, of men and women, praying for the recovery of him whom they loved and for whom they were willing if need be to sacrifice their lives.

Pat wondered if these people believed that "the prayer of faith shall save the sick," and one day he asked one of the more intelligent of the men. The broad grasp of the truth as indicated by the reply of this erstwhile savage surprised Pat and made him wonder more than ever what kind of man this was who had taught these Indians in so short a time the principles of right living. The Indian's reply to Pat's interrogation was somewhat as follows:

"We believe that faith is powerful, but we also believe that faith without work is no good. If the 'teacher's' wife pray all the time and not give any medicine then we would stop praying for the prayers would be no good. God has provided herbs 'for the healing of the nation' and has given us the 'teacher' to show us how to use these herbs, so we not only have to pray for the sick, but we must also give what we believe and know to be healing



medicines and then if God sees that it is best for all, the sick will get well. We do not expect God to work miracles or change his natural laws because we wish it, and we know that he will not work miracles to save people from the results of their own acts, or because they happen to be fools. I do not know much, when the 'teacher' gets well he will tell you all about it."

On the twelfth day after the doctor's illness began the fever abated and he dropped off into a deep and quiet sleep, from which they did not arouse him. He slept thus for ten hours and then opened his eyes and seeing Mrs. Williams said, "Mary." His wife had not left the bedside a minute during the whole time of his sleep, fearing that should he awake and find some strange face he might lapse again into unconsciousness or delirium. She put her hand on his forehead and said, "Go asleep again, dear," and he did for another two hours.

From this time on he gradually gained strength, but asked no questions. When he would awake and not find his wife at his bedside he would show signs of restlessness, Pat who always took Mrs. Williams' place when she had to go for rest or refreshment, would quiet him by telling him that his wife had gone for some much needed rest and that he was the nurse from Boston who had come down to help take care of him during his illness.

While Pat did not know the whole story of the doctor's being here, and his courageous wife's search for him, he had found out sufficient from the doctor's ravings during the delirium accompanying the fever to assure him that some great wrong had been done and that there was a possibility that in the near future everything would be cleared and the doctor and his wife would be restored to their friends.

After forty days of illness the doctor was able to sit up in a chair and from this time on his recovery was rapid and uneventful. When he was able to walk he



would go down to the lake front and enjoy the fresh breeze from the water or he would be taken out in a canoe by some of these devoted Indians. Pat would frequently accompany them, and many a conversation they had which gave him a keener sense of the problems of life than he had before possessed.

One day when the doctor and his wife were sitting alone at the water front, he said:

"Mary, tell me all."

She first took out of her pocket a small bottle in which was rolled a newspaper clipping containing the account of the confession of the murderer of Enos Holmes, and handing it to him allowed him to read it through without interruption.

"But," he said, "where are we now and how did we get here?"

Mrs. Williams told him in as few words as possible the main events that had occurred during the past five years. She told him of all he had done for the Indians in this place, but as to his manner of getting into such an inaccessible part of the world she had no knowledge. The doctor then said:

"Can it be possible that I have been living for five years in a sub-conscious condition and while in that state have accomplished all this that you have told me?"

His wife then said: "Now James, what we must do is our duty as best we can and I believe that lies in our going back home. It will doubtless be a great sorrow for these Indians, but if I can judge from all I have seen the knowledge that you have imparted to them and the wonderful things that you have accomplished among them will be of lasting benefit and I do not fear that they will lapse into barbarism if left to themselves. At the present time they have a religion which teaches them to live, and having lived according to its teachings they need no special preparation for death when it comes."



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### HOMeward BOUND.

JUST at this juncture Pat approached and said, "I believe doctor you are now quite strong and will soon be thinking of taking a trip to the north land and if it pleases you I would like to remain among these people and learn from them some of the things you have taught them. I never thought I would have to come into the heart of an unexplored wilderness to learn the principles of true Christianity. My first comprehensible lesson I got from your wife when in a few words she gave me the whole philosophy of her religion and yours, and here I see it exemplified every day in these unlettered men of the jungle. I do not for a moment think that I will be able to completely fill your place among them, but I will do what I can, and I here promise that if you will permit me to remain I will be true to the faith that I have received since coming here."

"Yes," said the doctor, "we have concluded that our duty lies in our going back home, and nothing could give me half so much pleasure as to know that these innocent and warm-hearted men and women have among them a man who is endowed with so brilliant a mind and who has such a comprehension of the truth as taught by God and nature as yourself. The past five years seem like a dream to me, part of which has its horrors, and part is most pleasant. My wife has told me all that has been done among these Indians and of their devotion to me. I do not apprehend that they would fully understand if I were to explain to them how I came to be among them



and my condition of mind during all these years, so I believe that it would be best to leave all that unsaid and simply to tell them that duty calls me home among the people with whom I was before coming to them and that you have been opportunely sent among them and that you will do for them all that man can do, and that in any event they must depend upon themselves to follow out the principles that have been taught them."

"I cannot express to you my thanks," said Pat, "for the kind words and especially the expressed confidence in me, and I will try to the best of my ability, God giving me strength, not to betray that confidence."

A few days after the people were called together in the park to the north of the city and here Doctor Williams explained to them that duty called him to his former home and that though he felt great reluctance in leaving them yet as he was able to leave among them one whose abilities were great and one whom many of the people, especially the children, already loved, he felt that they had every reason to rejoice, first, with him in his returning home and second, in the fact that Pat was going to remain among them.

The following day Pat came to the doctor and told him that the people desired him to ask the "teacher" if he would accept some gifts from the individuals of the tribe as a token of their love and of their appreciation of his kindness to and patience with them during the years of his sojourn among them. Of course the doctor could scarcely refuse when he knew that it was out of the kindness of their hearts that the request was made, and he therefore told Pat that he would accept, providing it would be possible for him to take these gifts with him, for his journey home was to be by way of Bogota and until he reached the Pacific Coast the greater part of



the distance would be over a trail that could only be traveled by pack animals, thus prohibiting any large amount of baggage.

At length the day arrived when they should start on their journey and as they were to be accompanied as far as Bogota by twenty Indians Pat decided to go that far and bring back what was needed for future use in the shape of manufactured tools and drugs, in the choice of which he would have the doctor's assistance, and he would in this way avoid a trip that might be termed unnecessary.

The guide who had come with Mrs. Williams was an interested observer of all the preparations, and when Mrs. Williams asked him what he wished to do he simply replied, "Me go where you go," and said it with such an air of finality that there was no room for discussion and therefore there was nothing more said on the subject, but all preparations were made with the understanding that he would accompany them.

When they were getting into the canoes to start up the lake Pat handed Doctor Williams a small bag made from the skin of the alpaca and which he said contained some of the gifts of the Indians. The remaining gifts were in a beautifully made leather hand-bag, which he passed to Mrs. Williams, telling her at the same time to take especial care of it as it contained not only the promptings of loving, grateful hearts, but it contained very great intrinsic value and would place the doctor in a position where he could in the future do more for the sick and suffering than he had been able to do while practicing in that rural spot on the coast of Maine.

The sorrow of these people on the occasion of Doctor Williams' leaving them was beyond the power of tongue or pen to tell. Some of them gave vent to their feelings



by moanings and half-suppressed sobbings, but the greater number went to their house of prayer for comfort and consolation.

The trip across the mountains, while long and tiresome, was uneventful and Bogota was safely reached. Here leave was taken of Pat and the accompanying Indians, and though the doctor appeared unmoved Mrs. Williams could not restrain her feelings and with tearful eyes she attempted to express to Pat her gratitude for his kindness to her during their travels from the Macaya river when she appeared as another. She told him that she would hope for the betterment of the world and of society while there still lived even a few men who possessed his faith and his convictions.

From Bogota the journey was partly by rail and partly by pack mules, and they reached Buenaventura Bay in good health and without accident. Here they took steamer for Panama, which port they reached in five days after a stormy voyage.

The doctor was very much interested in the work that had been done by the French in digging the canal and freely expressed the opinion that if the Americans would take hold of the project they would undoubtedly succeed, for they would first attend to the sanitary part and the rest would only be a matter of engineering.

From Panama the trip to New York was pleasant and before they sighted Sandy Hook or Coney Island our travelers were in perfect health and the prospects of soon reaching home thrilled them with a delight which it would be impossible to describe.

They remained in New York only long enough to visit a large jewelry establishment on Fifth Avenue in order to get some idea of the value of the gifts received from the grateful Indians. The doctor was astonished



at the price named and Mrs. Williams suggested that now he could have his greatest desire, a properly appointed hospital sufficiently endowed so that none would have to be refused because they had no money.

They went by rail to Boston and at once called on Mr. Moore, who invited them to remain with him for a few days until they should be rested. He told them of the good health of Mrs. Williams' mother and sister, and a great deal of the news of the cove, as he kept closely in touch with what was transpiring there.

A few days after their arrival Mr. Moore told them that he was compelled to be away for two days and advised them to see something of the city, and before going he introduced the doctor to a Doctor C——, one of the professors at Harvard, and said to him on giving the introduction, "This is the doctor of whom I spoke to you about a year ago."

On Mr. Moore's return both doctor and Mrs. Williams expressed themselves as desirous of going home, and to this Mr. Moore offered no objections, but asked if he might not accompany them. They were only too glad to have him with them, for notwithstanding the fact that it was a home coming there was a loneliness and sorrow about it all that they could not overcome.

When they arrived at the little railway station of Y—— they were met by almost all the people of the cove who were able to walk a distance of two miles. The Reverend Thomas McGregor was there with a happy look on his face, as was also the doctor who had taken Doctor Williams' place. There was a carriage but no horses, and when Doctor Williams, his wife, and the guide, Mr. Moore and Mr. McGregor were seated in the carriage all those who could get a hand on any



part of the vehicle contributed their share in conveying their long mourned friends to their home.

Arriving at the Church the doctor and his wife were lifted out of the carriage and carried inside where they found Mrs. Williams' mother waiting for them. She embraced them both and it required all their self-control to appear calm.

The guide was an interested observer but said nothing and kept close to Mrs. Williams.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE EXPLANATION.

WHEN the people were all seated the Reverend Mr. McGregor stood up and calling upon the whole congregation to stand up, he poured out his soul in thanksgiving. After the conclusion of the prayer he said:

"My dear friends there is some explanation to be made in relation to the absence of those who are now restored to us. Some of you already know some of the details, but many of you do not, and I will now call upon Mr. Moore to come up here and explain to you the whole matter."

Mr. Moore then went up on the platform and read the account of the confession of the murderer of Enos Holmes, which many of them had never heard. He then went on to tell them that on the evening after the murder Doctor Williams appeared at Stafford's house and told Stafford that he thought that he had killed Holmes, the miser. Stafford, knowing what had transpired during the day, and anxious to get the doctor out of reach of the law for a time, decided upon a certain plan of action. His brother had just come in from Gloucester, where his brig was loaded ready for a voyage to South America, and he had come down to see Stafford before sailing and was returning that night and would sail the next day. Stafford explained the whole affair so far as he knew to his brother and told him of all the doctor had done for them when the children had been taken from them and how at the last he had procured some medicine that had cured little Bess. The captain, a large-



hearted sailor, at once proposed to take the doctor with him on this trip and perhaps before his return matters would be cleared up and the doctor's name cleared of any blame. There was no difficulty in getting the doctor to agree to the proposal, as he seemed to be in a state of passivity, and yielded to the slightest suggestion without objection.

Accordingly when Captain Stafford started in his boat for Gloucester he had with him Doctor Williams.

When Mr. Moore had come down to the cove immediately after the disappearance of the doctor and before he had gone back, Stafford had told him where the doctor had gone, and as it seemed best at that time Mr. Moore had said nothing about it to Mrs. Williams or any one else.

When Captain Stafford returned from his voyage, which he did after ten months, he told Mr. Moore that the doctor had left the ship at Ciudad de Bolivar or Angostura and though he had spent three days trying to locate him his efforts had been without results. When Stafford learned of this he felt that the doctor had met with some accident and he blamed himself as being in a measure the cause. After five years of waiting and watching and suspense, during which time Mr. Moore had spared neither trouble or expense in trying to solve the problems of the case, there came this confession of the murderer which he had just read. He at once brought it to Stafford who was more than ever puzzled, and while it cleared the name of Doctor Williams from all blame, still the mystery of the disappearance was as deep as ever.

When Mrs. Williams was shown the confession of the murderer and then told of the doctor's having been taken to South America and how he had disappeared at Angostura, she decided that she would go in person and



try to discover his whereabouts, and this accounted for her visit to Boston where most of the people in the cove believed she had gone to take a course in nursing according to the wishes of the new doctor. When she arrived in Boston and had seen Mr. Moore she told him that she intended dressing as a man and going to Angostura and from there she would follow whatever clew she might get of her husband. Mr. Moore wanted to get some reliable man to go along with her but to this she objected, first, because of the extra expense, and second, because she thought that she would rather trust her own judgment in following up any clew she might find than to be hampered by any one who might perhaps entertain a different opinion. Consequently she had appeared on board of the Bessie G. as Mr. Adams. On landing at Angostura she had learned that two days after Captain Stafford had sailed the doctor had appeared at the office of the American Consul, Mr. Goodwin, and told him that he was a student of ethnology and wished to get to the head waters of the Amazon, somewhere in the neighborhood of the second degree of north latitude and the seventy-fourth degree of west longitude, where there was a tribe of Indians, the remnants of the Incas of Peru, and he wished to study their habits, customs and language. He told the Consul that his friends did not wish him to take this trip, but that he was determined to do so at all hazards, and he wished Mr. Goodwin to give him what help he could in fitting out for the journey. Mr. Goodwin, seeing nothing strange about this, readily rendered him what service he could, and when the doctor left there he said he thought he would go by way of the Cassiquiare and thus reach the waters of the Amazon much sooner than if he went by way of the Guaviare and would have practically no overland journey to make. Mrs. Williams had fol-



lowed up the direction as indicated by Mr. Goodwin, but when she reached Cabruta she had learned that the doctor had passed through there five years before, having with him two Indians, had remained there several days with the Americans who were there, two of whom were still there when Mrs. Williams arrived, and that before leaving this place the doctor had decided to travel by the way of the Guaviare and take the overland trip from the head of navigation to the south, this giving him a land journey of not more than three hundred miles.

This news decided Mrs. Williams to travel by the same route and thus avoid the possibility of missing the doctor should he by any chance change his plans and remain by the way.

She had taken this trip, endured the hardships incident thereto, braved all the dangers which such a journey must entail, and had finally reached the place where the doctor was, nursed him through a serious siege of brain fever, and had accompanied him home to those who had mourned for him as lost.

Mr. Moore now told them that as he had told Stafford that he thought he could explain the doctor's condition of mind, he would now proceed to do so. He told them that in the past he had made somewhat of a study of psychology, and he concluded that when the doctor awoke from the effects of the blow given by the murderer he was in a subconscious condition or state of mind, and had remained so until discovered by his wife.

The cunningness and subtlety of persons in this condition was displayed by the doctor when he concealed himself from Captain Stafford when he was about ready to sail from Angostura, and then when he knew that the ship had sailed, in his going to Mr. Goodwin and telling



him such a plausible story, most of which, by the way, proved to be the truth.

The one question which must for the present remain unanswered is, does the sub-conscious mind know things that have not been learned by the individual who is in this condition, and in truth things that have not been known to exist at all, and how does it come by this knowledge.

THE END











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